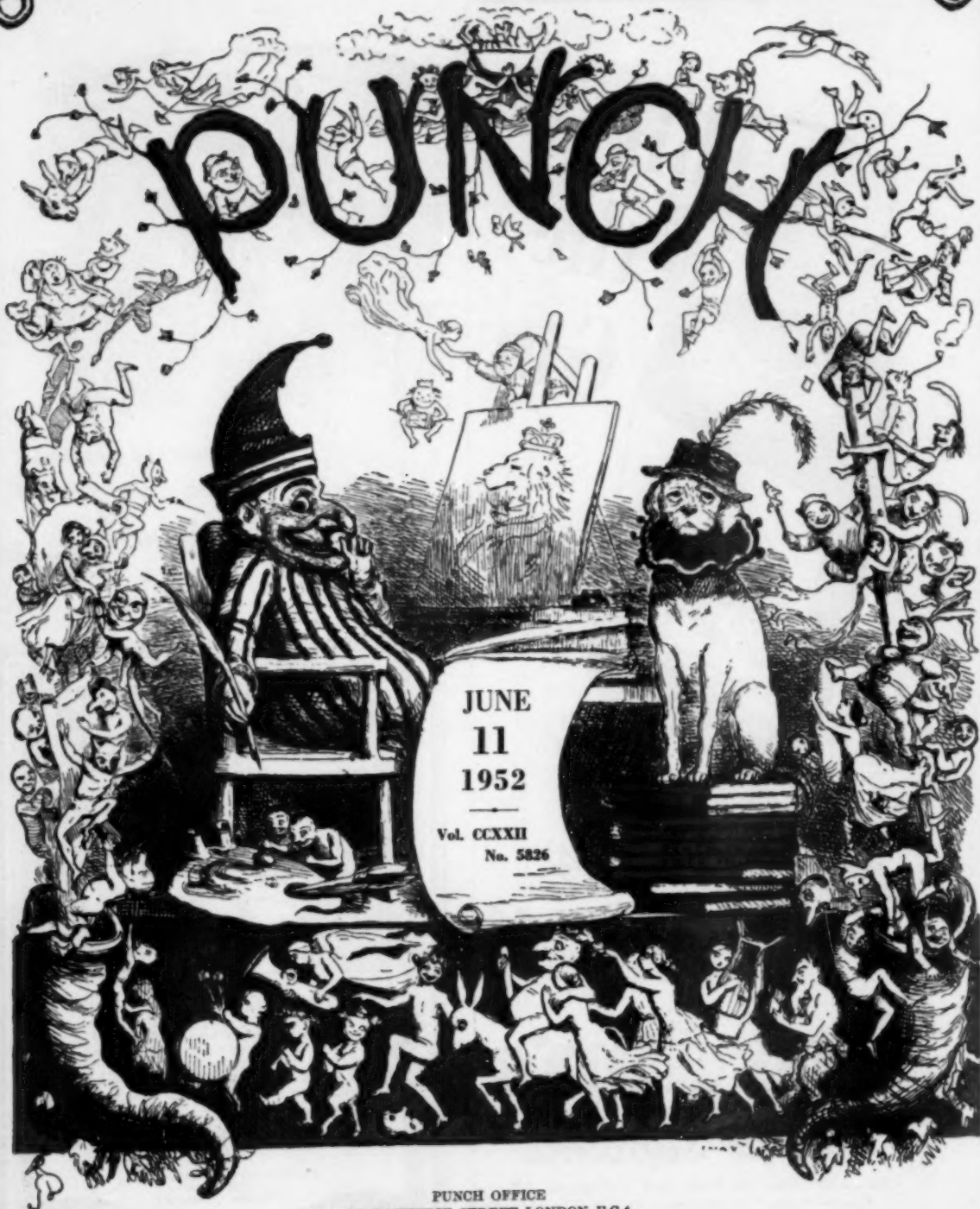


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Maximum Prices: Per Bottle 33/9; Half-Bottle 17/7
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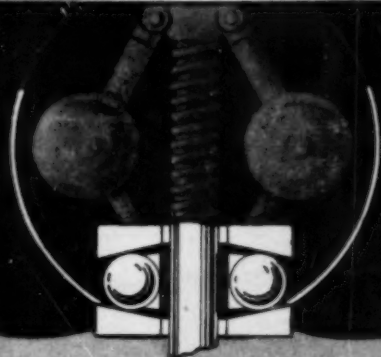


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Player's complete it
Player's Please

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The Iso-Speedic governor eliminates disturbing static friction, giving a high-precision accuracy of speed control, within $\pm 0.1\%$ when required.

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COVENTRY
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. . . to-day, no matter where you look, you will not find a better television picture than the one obtainable from the 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' 1651. This big screen receiver also combines facilities for broadcast radio reception including Frequency Modulation; and the cabinet, which is hand built by craftsmen, is available in a variety of modern and period styles. The 1651 is, indeed, a possession of which anyone might be proud and it is made available at a very reasonable price.

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big screen television

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WINNERS TO WATCH



La Princesse

LA PRINCESSE. Grey Mare, 1947.

OWN. Mr. Jinks, Grey, 1936.

DAM. La Cassiope, Chantant, 1935.

DESCRIPTION. A fine, robust iron grey mare. Inherits her colour from her sire, the 2,000 Guineas winner of 1929.

AS A THREE-YEAR-OLD, La Princesse had six outings and one win. She defeated thirty opponents over 6 furlongs at Newmarket in a maiden plate. The following season, with bottom weight, she won a mile handicap at Kempton and was placed four times at 7 furlongs and at 1 mile. In 1951 she scored two wins. The first was a dead heat at Kempton with Fair Judgment who gave her 11 lb. The second was a mile handicap at Lewes. This year she finished third in the Lincolnshire Handicap. A useful handicapper at a mile, La Princesse took time to mature and may now be about at her best.

For over 27 years — ever since Mr. David Cope opened his book in 1886 — an ever-increasing number of sportsmen have learned that they can depend on Cope's for a speedy, efficient service. Cope's Confidential Credit Service offers you complete dependability and friendly personal attention. Write today for your free copy of Cope's illustrated brochure.

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Golf is a dangerous game. You may injure yourself or someone else. You may even (perish the thought!) break a club. Against all these hazards our Golfers' Policy insures you. The subscription is only 10/- a year.

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Played-out actress exits right



La Hartburn, Clara to me, has the theatre in her blood. Maybe that's why her complexion's so bad, and she's no longer in circulation.

"Darling," I said, "aren't you tired of resting?"

"Practically re-tired," moped Clara. "But if this constipation goes on I won't even stand a chance for the back row of the chorus in Greek tragedy. Oh, Theopis, hear my plaintive pipe."

"30 ft. of plaintive pipe," I said, craftily.

"How much?" asked Clara.

"The pipe I mean," I said, "is the one you have tucked away behind your dress circle. Everything you eat has to go through it, prompted by your intestinal muscles. But there's nothing for the muscles to get hold of in the soft, starchy foods we eat now, and they miss their cue."

"What does that make me?" asked Clara.

"Lady Macbeth," I said, "much troubled with a dam spot that won't out. It's the curtain-raiser to Much Ado, and All's Wrong that Starts Wrong—in other words, constipa-

tion. What you want," I said, "is bulk."

"Is bulk a medicine?" asked Clara, suspiciously.

"Certainly not," I said, "it's All-Bran for breakfast. That gives your muscles the bulk they need to work on. All-Bran's delicious, and it makes you 'regular.'"

"Is there a grocer in the house?" asked Clara, hopefully.

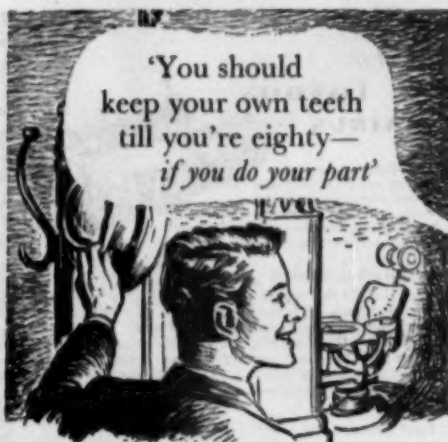
A week later, enter (pursued by a stare) a divine Clara, a dame with a presence and a future. "What happened?" I said. "Get a new stage-manager?"

"Indeed I did," trilled Clara. "That wonderful All-Bran made me 'regular' in five days. I'm terrific in my new role."

"Author! Author!" I cried.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN RAPIDLY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eating with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to receive and clear the intestinal tract thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in bread or cakes. All grocers have it.



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Keep your own teeth with **Tek**
A Johnson & Johnson PRODUCT

TEK Pure Bristle · TEK Nylon · TEK '53 · TEK Junior for children

Another health hint—Johnson's Handkerchief Tissues are always handy



As SHE REFLECTS on that entry in her diary, an anxious wife is reproaching herself. If only she had been more careful . . .

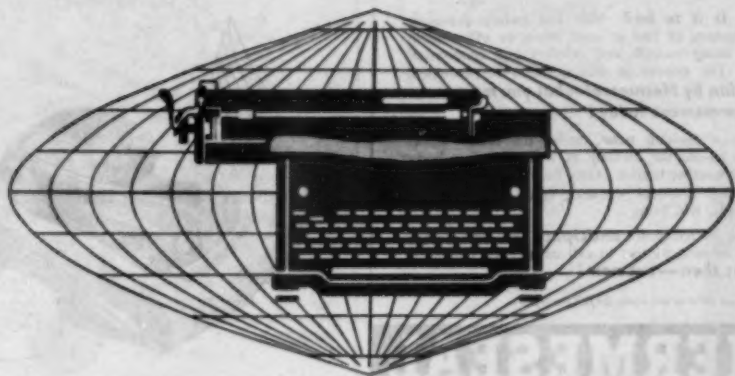
She had bandaged the cut on her husband's hand and had seen no signs of dirt in it. Yet because she omitted to make it antiseptically safe, infection had started. And, worse still, instead of remaining local it had become established in his bloodstream. The doctor said there could have been germs on her hands, on the broken glass, on her husband's skin. You could never tell. That's why it is so vitally important to keep a good antiseptic, like O-syl, always handy.

O-syl has been proved by severe hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci, Staphylococci and B. Typhosum, the cause of common (sometimes fatal) diseases. O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant. Use it as directed and it will keep you, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Don't be wise after the event. Be wise and O-sylise now.



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MFG.

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That is why, after immersion in Steradent, dentures emerge purified and disinfected; freed from unpleasant film, stain and odour; as spotless and sparkling as "oxygen-cleaning" alone can make them.

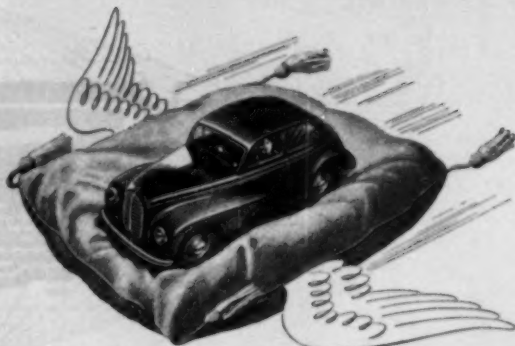


And "oxygen-cleaning"
actually costs less

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1/5d. and 2/5d.

You can feel the
difference—Your car has
that 'cushiony' feeling



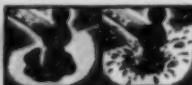
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MARFAK is a unique lubricant that is forced into the chassis under high pressure, and it won't squeeze out under the toughest road poundings. Even under extreme conditions it won't drip out, dry up, or wash off. Marfak stays on the job, cushioning against shock and protecting against wear and corrosion. It is far

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Wheel alignment makes quite a difference to the Miles-Per-Tyre you get. Check for misalignment at the first sign of uneven tread wear. 'Toe-in' or 'toe-out' must never be greater than the recommended margin, otherwise the tread grinds itself away with a fierce sideways drag.

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John Cotton Tobacco John Cotton
Nos. 1 and 2, 4/9 an oz. No. 1 Cigarettes
No. 4, 4/3 an oz. 3/11 for 20
Empire, 4/11 an oz.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SINCE 1770

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for men . . for summer

One hundred per cent spun nylon . . wears and wears . . and wears! Entirely moth-proof, cool, comfortable these socks dry in no time. Shrinkage, of course, is an absolute impossibility. The herringbone rib in long style 10/9, marl design and plain rib 9/6 per pair.

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Both styles available in grey, blue, fawn or green

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Vulcan

DOUBLE-CONTROL GAS COOKING



"I see it all now!"

Every Vulcan Glass Panel Door carries this unconditional guarantee against breakage.



THE VULCAN STOVE CO., LTD., EXETER.
Associated Company of United Gas Industries Ltd.



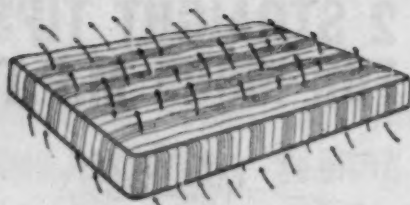
HEADACHE?

This 'Anadin' formula* is a fast worker and any chemist will tell you why the relief lasts longer, without the risk of those unpleasant after-effects you used to have. Take a couple of 'Anadin' tablets at the first sign of a headache, and you'll be surprised how soon it goes.

ANADIN

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* Because the balanced formula blends aspirin with phenacetin — for RAPID relief that lasts longer. And it includes caffeine and quinine, two stimulants which cut out the depressing after-effects so often felt after taking old-fashioned remedies.



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It is possible for a mattress to be comfortable without being healthy. To be sure of both, see the "Curled Hair" tag when you buy because no other filling allows the air to circulate so freely through the mattress, its natural resilience is a revelation in terms of comfort.

★ **CURLED HAIR** is a natural material which ensures hygiene, comfort and economy to a degree which no manufactured upholstery filling can match. It retains body heat but allows humidity to escape by perfect self-ventilation, is 'non-acid' and odorless; does not crumble, break-up or lose its resilience and springiness in years of use and is non-inflammable. It can be re-stretched whenever necessary. There is no other filling, however expensive, which can qualify in all these tests.



Insist on CURLED HAIR for health and hygiene

CHE-36



Be wise... buy
Wisdom

BECAUSE... Wisdom toothbrushes have a correctly shaped handle. They're made to help you get into every crevice, even the hardest to reach. No wonder more dentists favor the Wisdom shape than that of any other toothbrush. Nylon (Round ended), 1/8". Natural Bristle, 2/3".

THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., OF HERTFORD



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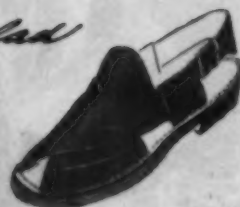


I've worn them

ever since



I was a lad



And I expect

I always will



**FOR MEN, YOUNG MEN
AND YOUNGER MEN STILL**

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GUERNSEY Brown grain in men's sizes 6 to 11.

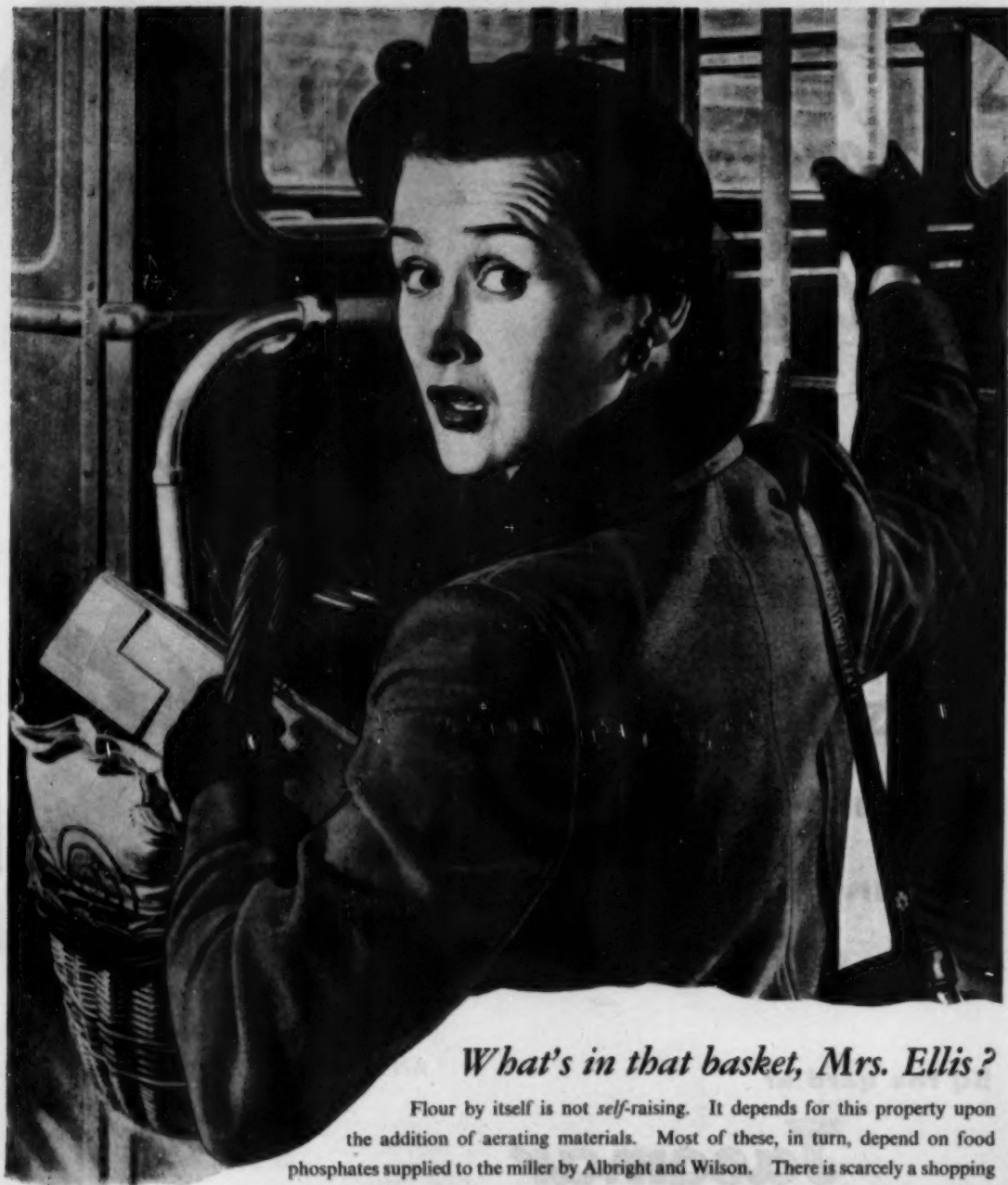
CHUPPER Brown smooth leather in men's sizes 6 to 11.

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They burn so slowly and coolly, that, pipeful for pipeful, Three Nuns is most economical.

Three Nuns 

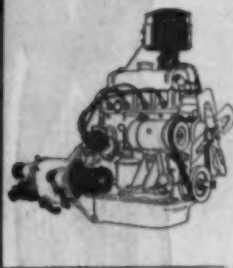
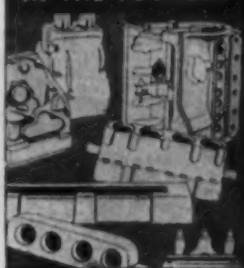
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I'm a doctor, not a motor engineer. On lubrication I have to judge by what people I trust tell me and by results. I first tried Energol because the maker of my car recommends it, and my garage owner uses it himself. With Price's and Anglo-Iranian behind it I thought it must be pretty good. Well, I've had thousands of miles easy running and no trouble starting winter or summer. So I feel safe in saying myself, you should use **ENERGOL, THE OILIEST OIL** says the doctor.

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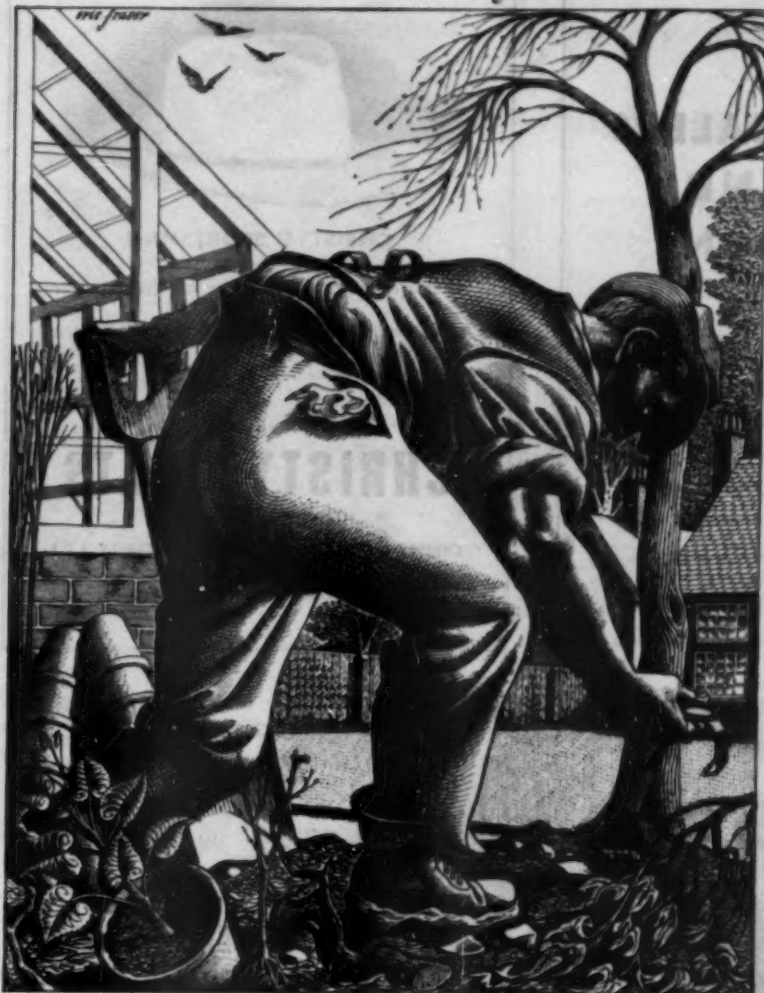


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Tawny, Ruby or White

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Four years buried*



"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"

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ROLEX

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EVEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only too well; it was May 1944 when he had to crash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and—a more personal tragedy—his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few very enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up—yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff—and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies—dirt and damp, dust and perspiration—and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want—and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

* This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Uxbridge, Leamington) to the Rolex Watch Company. A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



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JUNE 11-26

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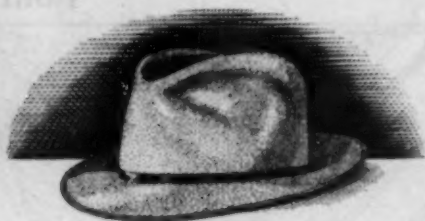
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Open 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.

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ADMISSION 3/6 SEASON TICKETS 12/-
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with sports clothes.

CHRISTY'S HATS

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CHARIVARIA

THE Married Women's Association seeks legislation to establish "that a husband and wife, after providing for household expenses, should divide the income equally between them." Husbands fear that it won't come to anything.

It is expected that Railway Passenger Associations will be meeting to discuss an item of news from Italy, where three hundred travellers have protested against the new summer time-tables by lying across the rails at Bologna. No doubt volunteers will be forthcoming, in the proper proportions of first class to third, to make similar action possible in this country; but the choice of a site for the demonstration presents difficulties. Until recently the long traffic-less periods at Fenchurch Street station would have afforded an ideal opportunity; now, however, owing to much improved conditions, the risk of a train's coming in cannot be entirely overlooked.

At least two of our contemporaries reflect in their columns the seasonal decline in commercial affairs. Reports in *The Times* of the marking down of gilt-edged prices find an echo in the *Waste Trade World*, where concern is expressed at the sluggishness in residues and sweepings, borings and turnings, slag bags, boiler shell, hard spelter, battery-lead and swarf, half wools, curled hair, comber waste laps, washed coloured wiping rags, mixed strings, unripped serges, flannels and knitts, mungoes, shoddies, tabs and fents, bagged news and

pams, sponge wastes, shoppies and stripped mixed merinos.

Readers may be interested to compare extracts from informed commentaries in both spheres:

STOCK EXCHANGE

"The opening of the new three-week account brought little increase in business to stock markets yesterday. Prices in most sections rallied after a poor start, though some of them seemed to be hesitating again in the late dealings, particularly in the gilt-edged market. British Funds were marked down at the opening on news of the Kenya loan, though the appearance of a few small buyers brought a rally and by midday some prices were back to the previous night's level."—*The Times*

RAG MARKET

"There has been an increased weight of cloth rags on offer this week, though good stripped mixed and worsteds remain scarce. In the sorted lines both black and blue worsteds and fancy mixed worsteds are holding their shilling or two appreciation, and light velours have hardened by a few shillings. Light fine cloth is selling fairly well, but there is still some hesitation when both light coarse cloth and dark coarse cloth are up for sale."

The Waste Trade World

Commenting on resignations from the profession due to marriage, a nursing journal says that a nurse should hesitate before accepting an impetuous proposal from an over-ardent patient. If she hesitates long enough she may be able to be a Sister to him.

A glance at the *Hairdressers' Journal* reveals a conscientiousness among barbers which goes all unsuspected by their customers. When a man is told that the state of his hair is causing his barber anxiety



he is wrong to dismiss it as mere salon small-talk: the barber's next step is to take cuttings, overtly or not, and submit them for expert trichological examination on the *Journal's* advisory page, where many a human document unfolds its poignant tale. These craftsmen never give up. "Where a scalp is denuded of hair and shiny," runs a characteristic reply to a correspondent, "it is not likely that hair can be induced to grow again. However, shampoo once a week with Lotion No. 191, massage into the scalp some Lotion No. 160, and follow with a little ointment No. 148." As long as the head is there the work of healing goes on.

The London fares muddle, we read, is to be cleared up by a three-stage plan. What the public is really anxious about is how much it is likely to be charged for the stages.

A plan to stage mock gladiator fights in the

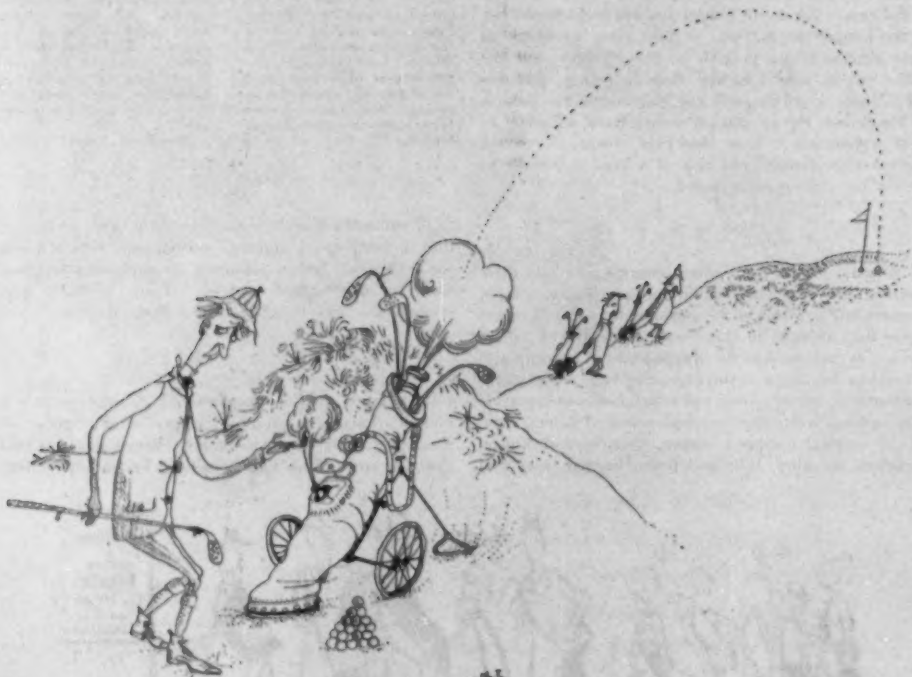
Colosseum as a tourist attraction this summer is being considered by Rome authorities. The City Council turned down a proposal to draw still bigger crowds by setting the city on fire.

"One Friday night after the boys had gone—it may have been a trick of the moonlight gleaming through the tracery Window but up there in the old West Gallery (where the Choir used to sing) I saw and heard a ghostly company talking of the Quires and Singing Boys of centuries ago. There was a jester from the Court of Henry VIII, one of Drake's captains, a strolling player from Stratford, a midshipman who went down at Trafalgar, a boy who fell at Mons, and maybe a dozen more, each of them a Singing Boy in his day. An old monk went down to the Organ, started playing softly; and quietly they began to sing—

The Verger shook me gently by the shoulder as the old clock chimed eleven: it could have been the hot day or the Rector's rough cider—or both—but I could have sworn I saw them there.

—CHURCH RESTORATION LTD.
The Loftiest Church Completed Without Scaffolding."
From an advertisement in The Times

Sure they weren't fugitives from an advertising consultants' fancy-dress ball!



BERMONDSEY BOTCH

"DID you read about the new American hair styles for men—the Chicago Chop, long at the back and short at the sides, and the Duck-tail Flip, long at the sides and swept up at the back in two wings?"

"I gather that you favour the latter."

"Mine's not a duck-tail flip. It's not having been to the barber's for six weeks. It will be short back and sides again to-morrow."

"What about the top?"

"The top presents a problem I'm convinced I shall not solve so long as hair remains with me. 'A little off the top, sir!' says the barber. I don't like to lose it. I say 'Not too much.' It is a proposition widely subscribed to among barbers that you can take it off, but you can't put it back."

"There's reason in it."

"I'm not quarrelling with it as a philosophy. All I'm saying is, once I've indicated I don't want it too short, the barber plays for safety and leaves it too long. I have another stab at it when I get home. I comb it straight down over my forehead and run the scissors along it. Have you ever tried to cut your own hair?"

"It is a necessity which no longer oppresses me."

"I didn't mean to be offensive. The first couple of scissorfuls are all right. But the succeeding strands escape you—you're chasing them with the scissors up the forehead. When you get to the end, and comb it down to see the result, you find that one side is shorter than the other. So you start again. When in the end you give up, because your wife wants the scissors, you find the strands which come down from the top of the head are all right, but those which have their origin over the forehead are about a quarter of an inch long. They won't lie down. They won't even stand up. They stick out. You look like one of the Three Stooges."

"I don't know why you keep saying 'You.' You're the one that this story is about, not me. You can see for yourself, the whole business is now outside the range of my interests. But if you do happen to find some simple solution to the problem, you might strengthen our ties with the Americans by telling them about it. From the way you described their two new hair styles for men it seems to me that men choosing them will still be in doubt what instructions to give the barber about the top."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

THE GARAGE

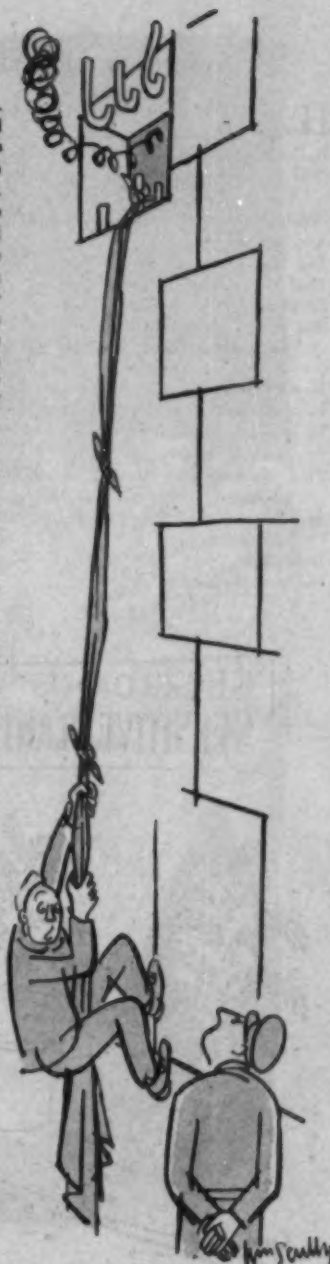
IN a garage I know, neither lofty nor wide,
There's a car with a bicycle standing beside,
And the bicycle-pedal rests under the wing
And the door-handle's caught in the saddlebag thing.

And or ever the car-owner starteth his car
He must edge past the shelf where the dish-covers are
And, seizing a handlebar, struggle to steer
The front wheel up his tie till the pedal is clear

Of the wing but is under the running-board now
And the lamp-bracket gives him a clonp on the brow
As he stoops to his task; while, perhaps, in the rain
Waits the bicycle-owner, reflecting again.

On the callous indifference that car-owning breeds
To a harmless old bicycle nobody needs.

ANDRE



"My call's on fire."

NYMPH TRANSLATED

HURRYING home from a lecture, Miss Daphne Pugh
One wild and whimsical April night
Without any warning whatever turned into a nymph
(The gods, as it happened, were trying translation at
sight).

Behind her, mysterious hooves beat a rat-ta-tan,
And she knew,
Did Miss Pugh,
That they boded no good,
So as fast as she could
She picked up her little bare heels and she ran and
she ran.

Miss Pugh held an Honours degree in Literature,
In myth and in folklore she knew her stuff;
To preserve that oright virtue which crowned her, she
realized clearly
That running and running would certainly not be
enough,
And such was Miss Pugh's great distress and
horripilation,
Distracted,
She took thought

SECTION 5 SENSITIVE PLANT



Of *The Golden Bough*
And managed, somehow,
To gasp out in improvised iambs a short Invocation.

With the aid of a crib the gods hastily looked up the
words
That would de-nymph her back to her former state,
But they garbled the thing, so that Miss D. Pugh,
B.Litt.,
Took the evergreen form of her *baccalaureate*;
Of what use are learning and virtue preserved
against odds
To a shrub
In a tub!
Clever ladies from college
Should limit their knowledge
To science or maths and avoid *any* truck with the gods.

FROM A CRICKET WRITER'S NOTEBOOK

MAKE this season memorable for prose-beauty.
Encourage musical analogies ("At the Oval a
concert, a symphony, a percussion solo . . . Brahms?
Tchaikovsky? Shostakovich? . . ."). Cultivate
antitheses. Quote Virginia Woolf. Avoid statistics.
Humour, humanity essential. (*Mem.* Rhodes joke
—"Get 'em in singles"—once *only* this season. Also
ball in board.)

Themes for season: decline and fall; no fast bowler
since Kortright; Ranji; Trumper; Pooley (E.). Reserve
phrase *laudator temporis acti* for mid-July at earliest.

Use colons sparingly for increased effect. No
footnotes this year. Italics at sub-editor's discretion.
Now in order to call Charles Fry a sage.

Useful phrases:

"It was dark, satanic batsmanship/bowling/fielding/
wicket-keeping/captaincy." (*Mem.* Best used with a
Mills. Is there one playing now?)

"He poured forth from the cornucopia of his
glorious art."

" . . . like the bat in the adage." (*Mem.* No need
to quote adage.)

"Those who go down to the knee in slips."

"A bowling analysis should not, *per se*, be subjected
to the counter-analysis of the psychologist."

"The sheer hulk of Tom bowling." (*Mem.*
Goddard only playing occasionally. Dillery!)

"He drove more furiously than any Jehu."

"My summer's babble of green fields is ended."
(*Mem.* Not until after Scarborough.)

Remember to report play.

ERIC WALMSLEY



THE PRELIMINARIES

"On my right not yet decided:
On my left to be announced later."



The Royal Tournament
at Earl's Court

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was Commander-in-Chief of the Army in 1880, when the Tournament first began, and his spirit (having found its way without trouble from the Agricultural Hall, Islington, to Earl's Court, via Olympia) hovers benignly above it in 1952. The Duke, who held his appointment for forty years, is credited with the opinion that "all change at any time for whatever purpose is to be deprecated"; and the Tournament committee obviously feel that he had something.



The fact is that the Royal Tournament is so good that there must be a strong temptation to leave it just as it is. Take those two old favourites, the Musical Ride and the Musical Drive. The Household Cavalry have been providing the former item almost unchanged since 1882, when its introduction, together with the Artillery Competition, changed the Tournament from a financial flop to a paying proposition. The Royal Horse Artillery have been galloping about in their high-speed armigerous square-dances since 1896.* What matter that on other fronts the Queen's personal bodyguard, clad in denim overalls, ride in armoured cars and the Horse Gunners in Diesel-driven 25-pounders? This is the Tournament.

Another point to be borne in mind is that modern weapons are apt to be unhandy for jousting purposes. The R.A.F. Displays at Hendon were much more fun with Gloster Gamecocks and Bristol Bulldogs looping tightly, at a reasonable height, than contemporary aerial exhibitions are apt to be when jet-driven monsters disappear from view after a few seconds' flight. In the same way atom bombs and

*All this historical information comes from Lt.-Col. P. L. Binna's entertaining *Story of the Royal Tournament* (Gale and Polden, 15/-), which contains plenty more like it and some exhaustive records as well.

rocket-projectors might prove to have lower entertainment value than their more modest predecessors.

In the nature of things, circumstances have forced some changes upon the organizers. The Duke, charmed as he would be by the horsemanship of the R.A.S.C. Horse Training Transport Company (who urge their mounts calmly across ten hurdles covered in blazing straw), might wonder—despite his delight at finding them back in their spiked helmets—why they do not add to their feats such once-popular items as Slicing the Lemon and Cleaving the Turk's Head. Imagine his amazement on learning that lemons are too valuable an import to slice except for subsequent consumption, and that the Turks are now our friends. "Next thing," you can hear him say, "you'll be telling me the French are on our side."

Such conservatism was not always the rule. This year the Demon Gasoline is almost unrepresented, appearing only in the astonishing motor-cycle acrobatics of the Royal Signals and in the jeeps concealed inside the canvas "landing-craft" of the Royal Marines. You will look in vain for a tank, or a bazooka, or a flame-thrower, or a helicopter, or a N.A.A.F.I. concert-party. Yet in 1886 there was a Combined Display featuring the latest Mountain Screw-gun, the five-barrelled Nordenfelt



gun and the Hotchkiss revolving cannon. In 1887 there was "a new and most important addition to the Infantry Display . . . an Armour Clad train with Electric Motor, rails laid down by R.E., trucks to carry Machine Guns and Infantry." Even in 1914, when one would have thought "security" might have raised its ugly head, a demonstration was given of the first harbinger of mechanization, the Hornby Tractor. (How surprised the Germans must have been to find no Hornby Tractors at Mons.)

Confronted with *Howard à l'Américaine*, however, we must not complain because it is not *pâté de foie gras*. We may be glad at least that we no longer have the "Cavalry Rouse," in which a number of cavalymen unsaddled, undressed and went to sleep, to rise again at the sound of Reveille, dress themselves, saddle and mount, and gallop to the finishing post. The winning time for this was something over six minutes, but it must have seemed far more. True, a slight nostalgia arises at the thought of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles chasing bushrangers in the Burrigong Valley, or the North Borneo Police doing a Dyak war dance, or the Zaptiehs from Cyprus giving an exhibition of spear-throwing, but one cannot have everything.

No one throws a spear or dances at Earl's Court, though the R.A.F.'s display of club-swinging with illuminated clubs contains some of the elements of both. An undulating carpet of coloured lights surges sickeningly up and down as the clubs go over and over and over and over and stop! (And over. You needn't think I can't see you there in the dark, Aircraftman Baggs.)

The R.A.F., deprived of their aeroplanes, produce the fiercest weapon in the display, the police-dogs, whose training would have greatly pleased the Duke. (Is there a manual with words in it like "dogmanship" and "dog-management"?!) The R.A.F. Regiment are also very military in what they call "continuation drill." In this cross between square-bashing and *drenage* a long programme of arms-drill is



carried through without perceptible orders, other than the curious time-marking "ikk! ikk!" uttered by some anonymous file somewhere on the right flank, which has caused the ribald men of other Services to label this item the "clickety-click show." It is as neat as drill can be; but we connoisseurs delight as much in the proper emission of the syllables "ho-o-o-o-o HIRE!" as in the union movement that follows it—and surely the King's Squad of Royal Marines would scorn to have the time counted for them!

More physical training is demonstrated by an inter-service team who, armed with chairs from the officer's mess, perform some idealized versions of guest-night mess tricks and later show that a vaulting horse serves other purposes than to enable officers to escape from prisoner-of-war camps.

This year's toy soldiers are the enlisted boys of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps—rather huskier toys than we are accustomed to, but no less skilled in the art of collapsing in series when the Toyland cannon goes off with an anything but miniature bang.

The one item that is really of our time is the Royal Marine Commandos' bridge-blowing operation. The Duke of Cambridge would have made nothing of it—those sloppy clothes, those fly-by-night tactics,

that apparent chaos on the beach. No one marching about in formed columns! No officers with drawn swords giving words of command! What are the fellows doing—bird's-nesting! They are, in fact, giving the evening's only sight of how war is fought in 1952, and a very exciting and entertaining job they make of it.

All the same, the rest of the display is not mere play-acting. The Tournament's first object is to provide funds for Service charities: last year, with a contribution of £30,000, it brought its grand total up to some £590,000. The second object is "the encouragement of skill-at-arms." Is skill-at-arms encouraged by mounting fifteen men on a solo motor-bike, or humping an obsolete naval twelve-pounder over a "bottomless chasm" with a sheer-legs and wire jactastay, or driving outdated fieldguns in dangerous and unstrategic manoeuvres, or even by playing "The Lost Chord" on three trumpets with an accompaniment of two hundred and twenty wind instruments?

Well, yes, it is. Anyone who has ever had to explain to a squad of recruits what is the point of close-order drill on the barrack-square will understand why. The fortunate remainder should be content to judge by results, in Korea and elsewhere.

B. A. YOUSO



LISTEN WITH MOTHER—WITHOUT FATHER

PERSONALLY I couldn't see why Richard should have to abandon his train-set in order to sit quite comfortably—as advised—in front of the radio. He was taking up positions varying from moment to moment as the needs of loading and shunting trucks of imaginary fish demanded. Particularly acrobatic contortions were required whenever he called out "Next stop, Grimsby!" or "Harry along, please!" Grimsby was in urgent need of fish—an infantile transposition of our crazy distributive system—and he was only too happy to oblige. Only too happy. I had to say it.

"It seems a pity to interrupt him," I said. "He's had this train-set ever since Christmas, and this is

the first time he's got really interested in it."

His mother became a tangle of sub-divided loyalties and looked at the clock. "He's not due to listen for another five minutes," she said. I looked at the track on the other side of the room.

"It's going to take much longer to get all that fish to Grimsby. Besides, he might prefer overtime on this job to a session with Humpty Dumpty. This is surely an attitude to foster. Think of the dollar-drive of 1972 or thereabouts."

This led to an exchange of views on the cultural value of transporting imaginary fish by toy railway. Neither of us could be dogmatic about it, and I was very sure Richard was the person to consult on the matter. This was impracticable of course; besides being only four and a half years old he was now too busy arranging a level-crossing collision.

"The thing is," pursued his mother, "this listening is a good prelude to school. When he goes to school he's just got to sit still and listen attentively."

"True enough," I said. "But he'll be listening, I hope, to a real human presence tangible enough to pat him kindly on the head occasionally—he won't be listening to a wooden box."

"Possibly," I went on, "the cultural worth of Richard's listening is less than that of make-believe fish-transporting. Just think, for instance, of the staggering effort he must have to make to concretize Harry Hippo. Certainly, he has seen a real hippopotamus; but only once. And once is not enough to make anyone believe a hippopotamus is real."

"I don't suppose he has ever seen a wagon-load of fish," she said. "Nor a collision at a level-crossing."

"Collisions," I responded, "are an important part of the normal boy's inward and outward life; he needs to collide in every possible manner, for proper development of character. And a wagon-load of

fish is only quantitative, a simple extension of a common experience."

By this time the blocked line had been cleared, and the lady was asking if everyone—even Richard—were ready for the story. It was now a question of which happened the sooner—the last box of fish unloaded by the Grimsby porters or the first breath drawn by the story-teller. We decided to leave it to the little boy.

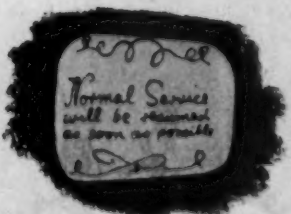
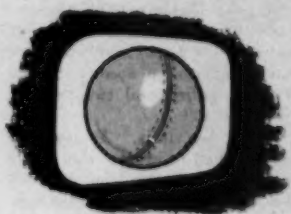
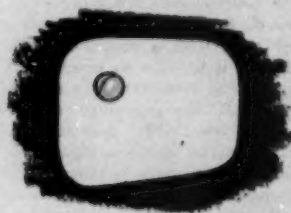
"But look," I said, indicating the railway, "isn't it clear where the true interest lies? Richard's entire being is centred in his own imaginative output; he is learning by doing, as they say. This is how primitive man acquired culture, not by listening to a box."

"Primitive man," said his mother, observing closely, "is now about to bomb the track."

This was true. With loud whoops and huzzas—which almost drowned the story-teller introducing Herbert Hedgehog—Richard was now diving over the metals with a toy aeroplane in his hand.

"After all," I said, while the saga of Herbert was unfolding on one side of the room and Richard was unloading his bombs on the other, "a train-load of fish doesn't, of itself, contain the elements of struggle and triumph necessary to the small boy's fantasy-life."

We ourselves were now more interested in the fate of the Grimsby Special than we were in Herbert Hedgehog. "Crash-bang!" cried Richard, bomb-aimer, as he dislodged a length of track in front of the speeding locomotive. The train at once dived in all directions and disintegrated. Concurrently Herbert was having a most inispid picnic-revel with some prickly pals when all of a sudden (said the story-teller) Arthur Airedale from the farm came bounding along. In no time at all the breakdown gang had inserted a fresh piece of rail and the train was on the move again. "Next stop, Grimsby!" cried Richard, while Herbert Hedgehog's plaintive exhortation was heard as



Bill C.
Cupcake



"Talk about women's hats!"

if from another world—"Roll yourselves into balls, hedgehogs all! Then Arthur can't touch you!"

"You see," I said, "it's the reality of doing-the-thing-for-one-self that grips the young mind; given that, the whole universe of experience is centred upon the one activity, and anything else going on at the same time simply doesn't exist."

As the train arrived at Grimsby the story-teller was extracting a vague moral from Arthur Airedale's discomfiture and Herbert's genius for quick thinking. "All change!" cried Richard, and the story-teller said he hoped we liked the story and bade us good-bye.

"Did you like the story, Richard?" I asked.

He looked up sharply from a relatively peaceful uncoupling job. "Not all of it," he said. "I liked the

part where the hedgehogs danced round the bush rattling their quills. And I liked the part where . . ."

He liked several parts, and he didn't like others. While he was putting away his train-set he retold the story, in his own fashion. He was practically word-perfect.

"We are the parents of the only two-headed boy in the neighbourhood," I said to his mother. "We should be very proud."

RIPARIAN

THE sun at morning
And the moon by night—
The dough well kneaded—
And the 'plane to flight—
The Cost of Living
And the chasing wage—
The word unbidden

And the surge of rage—
Refreshed giant
And the gentle lark—
The newly knighted
And the chimney spark—
The Member angling
For The Speaker's eye—
The guest (at last)
About to say good-bye—
Who health proposes
And who then replies—
The signal smoke
Against the red man's skies—
Man to Occasions
And his mate to Sales—
Hopes, rivers, tempers,
Equinoctial gales . . .

All these
(And others artfully left out)
Rise—
But not thou
Distrustful, torpid trout!

MARK BEVAN

SCRIPT

SUMMONED by Alcuin, formerly of York,
 Now abbot of St. Martin's, to ensure
 Vulgate and Liturgy revised - his work -
 Were copied fair; the writing monks at Tours
 Bent o'er their sloping desks in the still north bay
 Of the abbey cloisters. Uncials in array
 They tried, half-uncials too of the Celtic school.
 Then, with quill pared to chisel edge for tool,
 On snowy vellum pounced to smoothest ground,
 Seeking a script, small, clear, firm-based and round,
 They formed the Carolingian minuscule -
 We know to-day.

But as the romanesque
 Arch of the Norman church to point aspired
 And gutter spouted gargoyle and grotesque,
 The letters lengthened, angled, and acquired
 Strange Gothic turns and quirks

ROME only - wise -
 Recalled the old forms, and their simple guise
 Restored improved for scholars' minds equipped
 With the New Learning. Presses soon outstripped
 The penman's hand, and, for the printed book,
 Aldus and Jenson for type faces took
 The humanistic and the italic script
 As victor's prize.

*Followed the age of speed.
 Our script declined from copperplate to scrawl,
 And spring-point pen and style served our need;
 And typist's din proclaimed the writer's fall.*

But Johnston, coming parchments of the prime,
 Relearned the edged quill's discipline. A climb
 Back to the written word on beauty's height
 He led. Now Fairbank's Dryads hold the light
 To Tagliente's and Arrighi's art,
 The chancery cursive; and, though late to start,
 This fine Italian hand I'll try to write -

when I have time!

ON WINGS OF SONG

MANY years ago I was associated with the late George Knapp in the formation of a girls' choir which we called Knapp's Knorthern Knightingales. With this choir I toured the country for a considerable time, and if I say that we received a rapturous welcome at almost every performance, I speak in no spirit of boastfulness but simply to show that I am entitled to lecture with some authority about this kind of venture.

I cannot help feeling that a good many people assume that all that is needed in the girls' choir business is an accurate musical ear, with perhaps a certain flair for arranging hotel accommodation, and a ready flow of small talk about film-stars. Believe me, it is not so. Let us first consider a point quite overlooked by the majority—the weight of the choir.

Let us suppose that I am working to round about a ton and a half, and that the principal pieces are "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and a hummed version of the "Moonlight Sonata"; encores, say, "Blow the Man Down" and "The Lost Chord." (By "working to a ton and a half" I mean, of course, that all stages or platforms on which my choir is to appear can support a weight of two tons, from which must be deducted the safety margin known as "Tennyson's half-ton"—instituted after the Plymouth disaster of 1880, when the great poet's heavyweight combination, the Isle of Wight Warblers, fell through the stage in the middle of a musical version of "The Charge of the Light Brigade.") Now, my ton and a half is what we choir men call "dead meat weight"—that is, the performers are supposed to be immobile. Well, dead meat weight is all right in our "Moonlight Sonata" and our "Lost Chord," but what about "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and "Blow the Man Down"? Will not some action be necessary? Of course it will. When I toured the Knightingales my "Wreck" set the whole country alight, and it did so, not because of the singing, though that was good,

but because of the action. I arranged that the Knightingales should reel to and fro, as people naturally would on board a ship in a storm, and that some of the contraltos should hurtle on to the stage from specially fitted rigging. Then I had half a dozen men from the Lifeboat Institution in front of the choir, demonstrating various methods of artificial respiration, distress signal rockets were sent up from the orchestra, and at the words "Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank" thirty dozen empty beer bottles were dropped from a height of six feet on to a sheet of corrugated iron. Well, then, naturally we want as much of this sort of thing as possible. But how are we to secure it without flinging our dead meat weight to the winds and landing ourselves well into Tennyson's half-ton? It will be seen that this business has its problems, and they are not always easily solved. A callow youth, as I know to my cost, can spend some agonizing half-hours searching a strange town for lifeboatmen weighing less than six stone, or forcing crowds of screaming girls into turkish-bath establishments.

Then there is the question of competition. That was very keen in my day—I am speaking now of well-nigh half a century ago—and a good deal of it came from the poets, many of whom exploited these choirs as a means of bringing their work before the public. I well remember one occasion on which I took the Knightingales to the West Country, only to discover that Hardy was touring the same area with a big three-ton combination presenting a musical version of *The Dynasts*. There should have been little danger of clashing, since I was working to a ton and three-quarters, but I was a reckless young fool and took it into my head that I could give Hardy a ton and a quarter and still beat him for power and tone. (This may well have been true, but in the girls' choir rivalry of those days power and tone were by no means the only weapons: there were

others of which I was then ignorant.) At any rate, clash we did, in a little Devonshire town which had better be nameless, the Knightingales in the Women's Institute and Hardy's heavier Dynastones in the Town Hall.

The buttons were off the foils almost directly, with a notice in the local paper saying that the Knightingales had contracted a minor infection, believed to be chicken-pox, and that I myself was suffering from measles. Incredible as it may seem, I took this first glint of Hardy's weapon for a genuine if stupid blunder, rushed out an emergency sandwich-board team of choristers with an emphatic denial, and took my seat in the Women's Institute full of innocent confidence.

Never shall I forget that performance. I was featuring the "Wreck," and within the first ten minutes half my contraltos were lying senseless, owing to unaccountable breakages in the special rigging. The lifeboatmen were absent, called out to a wreck that had never occurred, the beer bottles dropped, not at the words "Like a vessel of glass, etc." but at "Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax," and a swarm of bees made its appearance in the hall, throwing the audience into confusion. Worst of all, perhaps, was a mishap with one of the distress signal rockets. This particular



"Dear Sir comma with reference to your esteemed inquiry re quote b-y-c-y-s-l-a unquote bracket sis bracket hyphen pumps . . ."

rocket, the most important of all, was invariably discharged at the words "A frozen corpse was he," and, by lighting up the singers' faces with a ghastly radiance, increased the effect enormously. When the moment came, however, the rocket volleyed forth immense clouds of evil-smelling black smoke, through which came a dismal croaking as the singers, half-hidden by the reeking fog but still staggering to and fro as they had been taught, continued hoarsely to mouth their parts. I need hardly say that the performance was a miserable failure.

Looking back on it all now, after nearly fifty years, I cannot find it in my heart to pass any very severe judgment upon Hardy. He played the game as he knew it, and if an over-confident young fool came between him and literary advancement—well, someone had to suffer.

T. S. WATT

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

MY mother wrote and said she had received a letter from Aunt Ethel who had seen me tearing along Kensington High Street long after midnight looking white and strained and panic-stricken. Aunt Ethel had been in a taxi and when she ordered the driver to turn round to pick me up I had disappeared.

Where had I gone? Where had I been? What was the matter? My mother was worried to death. Aunt Ethel had written three pages about it. What was I doing panic-stricken in the middle of the night in Kensington?

I wrote back and told my mother she should know better than to take Aunt Ethel seriously. Aunt Ethel had spent the war at Sidmouth reporting retired Army colonels to the police as enemy agents.

Certainly I had been in Kensington High Street, certainly it had been late, but I was not white, strained, or panic-stricken. I had been travelling at a fairly brisk but dignified pace to catch the last train.

My mother wrote again and said well, she couldn't help it when she had a letter like that. After all, she was two hundred miles away.

But had I caught the train? If I hadn't what had I done? If I had, what would I have done if I hadn't?

I wrote back and said no, I hadn't caught the train. I had started to walk home but had been kidnapped and hadn't been seen since.

Then I wrote to Aunt Dora, Aunt Gertrude, Aunt Mabel, Aunt Ada and Aunt Alice and told them I had seen Aunt Ethel careering round London in a taxi at one o'clock in the morning.

That was two days ago. Things should start humming soon.

MARJORIE RIDDELL



"Perhaps if I kicked it, the way I do the television..."

ELEPHANTS EXPERIENCED

IT seems to me that the intrinsic improbability of elephants

Lies in the sudden supplying of something that the mind has lacked:

The image was already in the mind; but the intricate, unlikely detail

Seizes and surprises the eye confronted with the concrete fact.

With something of the same sensation a man meeting a fire-drake

Would find it as a whole familiar, but disconcertedly note

The dryness of the rolling eye, the oxidization of the scales

And the fire-proofing of the flesh around the nostril and the throat.

Any but the simplest concept is basically incoherent.

A man knows less than he thinks about most invisible things.

And might ask the angel of death to turn his back for a moment

To settle a lifelong doubt about feathers and the fitting of the wings.

P. M. HUBBARD



WAX IMPRESSIONS

in the Chamber of Horrors

THE footsteps receded hollowly up the stairs, the heavy door clanged, and I was left all alone in the dim blue light.

Or was I all alone?

Madame Tussaud's had closed for the day, and now there I was locked up in the Chamber of Horrors. It was at my own request. I had only myself to blame. I had arranged this little treat for myself (on the plea of being prompted by an earnest journalistic spirit of inquiry) to see if I felt like entering my name for that fabulous reward for spending the night down there alone. It was a kind of trial trip.

Peering round the shadowy, eerie dungeon with its silent, watchful figures, I wished that somebody else had had the same idea at the same time. I am not a fanciful man, but I would have been glad to

see almost anybody—even my dentist.

As it was, I saw Dr. Crippen. It was not at all the same thing.

I hastily averted my eyes, which fell instead on Jean-Paul Marat, lying gorily in his bath, just as Charlotte Corday had left him. The model was made on the spot by Madame Tussaud, who must have been a woman with fine, steady nerves. I averted my eyes again. They were met this time by two good, homely objects that should have calmed me. Somehow they didn't.

One was the perambulator in which Mrs. Pearce sixty years ago wheeled her gruesome cargo two miles through the London streets to a rubbish-dump.

The other was one of the baths utilized by George Smith, the "Brides in the Bath" murderer.

I just couldn't help it. I touched

the bath with a fascinated finger, and glanced up quickly to see if George Smith was watching me. He was.

I strolled nonchalantly away. He followed me with his eyes. That is the worst of this place; their eyes follow you wherever you go. They hand you on from one to another, like searchlights handing on an aircraft. I lighted a cigarette (against the rules, but in my present company it seemed a venial crime). I did it in under six matches, but it soothed me less than I had hoped. Probably because I had lighted the cork end.

All at once there was a terrifying subterranean rumbling. Landru unmistakably moved his outstretched hand.

It took me a few seconds to bring calm reason back to its throne. The noise was a train from Baker

Street Underground. Of course it was! And it was the vibration that had made Landru's hand move. Of course it was! I patted my forehead with my handkerchief and moved on.

Two scrubby, bearded little men in long, shabby coats and glazed-peak caps were looking me up and down and discussing me. I saw they were Burke and Hare, who used to be in business to supply subjects for surgical dissection. They were talking about me from the professional angle. Burke was suggesting they ought to stand out for at least five sovereigns for me. Hare had his eyes on my shoes.

Their technique, I am told, was to make their victim drunk and then suffocate him. In one way I wished I hadn't had that stiff whisky before coming down here. In another way I was earnestly glad I had.

I backed slowly away, daring them with my eyes to come on, and hoping they weren't looking at my eyes. Burke winked at Hare, who nodded and muttered "Plenty o' time, plenty o' time."

I looked at my watch, wondering

why they were so late letting me out. My watch had stopped. I held it to my ear. It hadn't.

Hanging from a wall was the dim shape of a slender, iron cage, some six feet long, with a limp form inside. I came on it suddenly. Smoothing down my hair, I left the stool.

I now found myself with Charles Peace, who seemed to be wondering where he had seen me before. As a matter of fact, we are neighbours of a sort. That is, he once lived in a cottage half a mile from my home. It is a favourite Sunday afternoon walk of ours with the children. Or, rather, it used to be.

Another train rushed through underneath. Everything trembled, especially me. I wished they would declare a lightning railway strike.

Jack Sheppard peered at me from the gloom of his cell—the original cell out of which he escaped from Newgate Gaol—and beckoned to me. I shook my head without any difficulty at all, and went round the circuit again. Hare put out his foot to trip me up as I passed, but I was going too fast for him.

Mrs. Dyer, the baby-farmer

fixed me with her malevolent little eyes. The gang of forgers glared sideways at me from their foul den. Other faces crowded round, grinning and ogling. It struck me the population of the place had doubled at least since I had entered. A horrible, arched figure, hanging by a hook from the ceiling, twitched and writhed. The hangman's noose on the wall was flapping, and the old bell from Newgate, which used to toll when criminals passed on their last journey to Tyburn, began to swing gently to and fro. Burke and Hare.

Three weeks later they unlocked the door and let me out. I was not going to let them perceive how glad I was to see them, and I only said a curt "Hullo!" as I clasped their hands.

Upstairs, in the beautiful, glorious light, I said I had decided I was too busy after all to spare the time to spend a whole night in the Chamber of Horrors. I indicated that I would be willing to settle for a proportionate reward for the half-hour I had just passed.

Then came disillusionment. They told me there is no such reward, and never has been. It is a myth the management has been struggling to put down for a hundred years—ever since, in 1850, Charles Dickens suggested in *Household Words* that young contributors should spend the night in the Chamber of Horrors and record their impressions. From that seed the legend blossomed. Charles Dickens was thirty-eight at the time. I imagine he no longer considered himself a young contributor.

To-day Madame Tsumud's still receives an average of a letter a day, telephone-calls apart, accepting the "challenge." Notions of the reward at stake vary from a modest £5 to—a recent and perhaps rather hopeful estimate from abroad—£10,000.

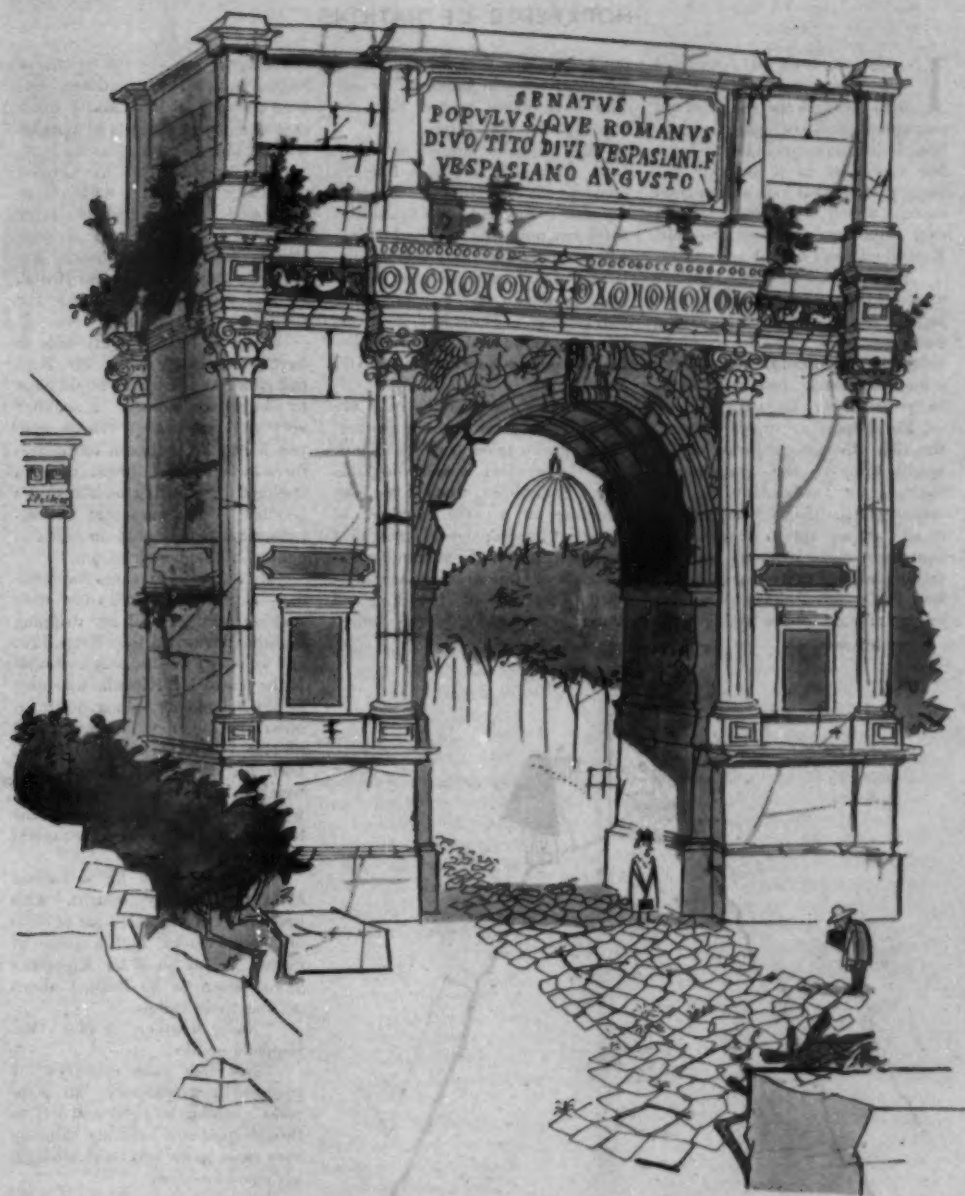
The management invariably courteously replies that there is no reward, and in no circumstance will any member of the public be permitted to remain inside the building after closing-hours.

Why did they have to make an exception for me?

COLIN HOWARD



"... I broke a cup."



"Will you get it all in?"

SHOPKEEPER OF NATIONS

IN the windows of Kippello's delicatessen there are wizened, alien sausages the colour of old parchment; and corrugated pickles lying half-submerged in brown brine like crocodiles in a swamp; and fancy pastries that look almost good enough to eat. The only thing I ever buy there is bread, but Mr. Kippello doesn't hold it against me.

Never have I seen in Kippello's a housewife in a useful beige slip-on jacket; nor a simple child with a streaming cold chucking common things out of a perambulator, nor a man in a mackintosh at all likely to be called Mr. Benson.

For Kippello's draws to itself the rich Rhenish gutturals of the neighbourhood; the grape-purple shaven chins; the beautiful Mediterranean teeth. If any Britons enter at all they are apt to wear lilac or acid-green velvet trousers and tentative pre-Raphaelite beards, and to lead flashy but feckless dogs who, having started terrible fights under

one's feet, are dragged out, half-throttled but still game, by owners who have never known them to flare up like that before.

Mr. Kippello himself is neatly baid, with sad, soft eyes like his own ripe olives. He is something of a puzzle to me, as I have heard him utter not only "Sì, sì," and "*Mais oui, certainement,*" but several distinct "*Acks*" and isolated transatlantic bursts of "You're telling me, brother." These last, however, sit uneasily on him; I would place Mr. Kippello somewhere in the Old World.

Handing me what he calls my brown brett with a polite gesture, Mr. Kippello takes time to remark that the weather is seekening this day. Sometimes, when I see him standing in a rare moment of leisure at his shop door, I know that he is longing for the radiant, glass-clear air of Greece; or the nostalgic spring zephyrs of his long-lost Paris; or something in the chilled-

champagne line, like the oxygen of Switzerland. His melancholy has been growing of late; and I think that one day the streets of London will see him no more.

But Madame Tata has arrived on the threshold, with well-developed jade earrings and a large order; and Monsieur and Madame Perichon are close behind her. Mr. Kippello stops inhaling the British air and waddles hastily inside the shop.

Recently I made up my mind to ferret out exactly where Mr. Kippello does come from. I would have to choose my moment; I couldn't very well sandwich "Where were you born?" in between fourpence-three-farthings for bread and an apology for treading on someone's poodle. I felt sure that a sympathetic listener would do much to lighten his homesick gloom.

My opportunity came the other day—a frightful black day with soaking rain. I and my dripping umbrella struggled into Kippello's; and for once I was the only customer in the place. Mr. Kippello was busy at the telephone, taking down an order in a language to which I had no clue, but which might well have been his own. His despondency weighed heavier each minute; and when he had rung off he shook his head several times as he wrapped my bread.

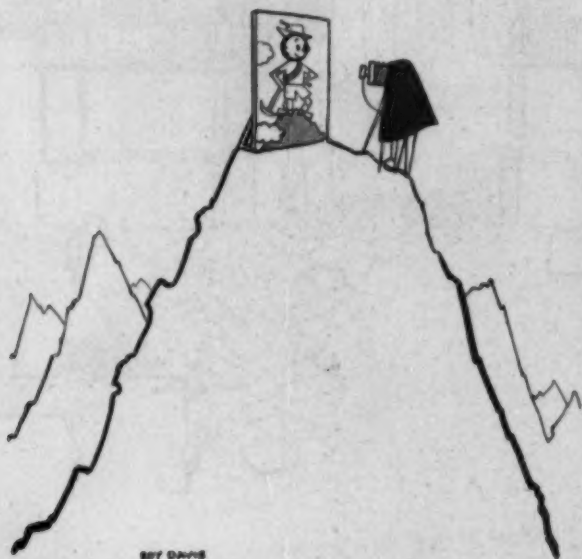
Moved by pity for a sunless exile, I suddenly bought, with unheard-of lavishness, a jar of olive oil, some cloves, and a piece of cheese. A tiny bit of Mr. Kippello's gloom lifted as he bustled about getting these things.

"Nasty weather," I said. Mr. Kippello nodded.

"Not like your country?" I suggested provocatively. Mr. Kippello, glancing to right and left as though spies were listening, came up very close to me and fixed me with his ripe-olive eyes.

"Lately," he confided hoarsely, "I am gettink so seek of these foreigners."

GERALDINE BUSSEY



ROY DAVIS



THE darkest of all horses seeking the presidential nomination is Dan Allender, a "real business Democrat" of Dalhart, Texas. According to his campaign literature, he is also a "Real Deal Democrat," and the fact that he seems to be the sole member of this new sub-division of the party diminishes his four-inch campaign smile

by not so much as a millimeter. "I am a genuine American," his avowal begins. "I was born in Monroe County, Iowa, August 3, 1897. I lived in Kansas a few years, one year in Oklahoma and since in the Panhandle of Texas, except 16 months spent in World War I. I spent my young life on farms and ranches and in 1928 I entered the business world. My full name is Nicholas Daniel Allender. Nicholas stands for victorious people; Daniel means God is my judge, and Allender is a standard American name. Thus a victorious people, judged by God, under an Allender administration, we cannot go wrong.

"I am not a scientist, engineer, or technician in any degree, but I do have many years of successful business experience and management—and I feel that I am capable of prorating our tax money and not waste it, and put our government on a business basis without harming our economy."

The recipient of Dan's message is next attracted by the phonograph record in the same envelope. It proves to contain on one side "The Referee's Song" and on the other "Dan's the Man!" The point seems

to be that a new "referee" is needed in Washington and that Dan is the logical choice. The piano accompaniment of these two songs sounds like something played with the feet by a rather gifted Armless Wonder. So far, so good.

But further study of Dan's "hangup" appeal ("Hangup—Windows—Office—Everywhere") shows us the Real Deal candidate getting down to cases. "With sales as set out on this folder," Dan explains, "I can go to Washington unencumbered. The cost is small, I hope you will help me, contact me for particulars. I will make speeches and public appearances when invited—write, wire, or 'phone me at Dalhart, Texas. ORGANIZE YOUR LOCAL AND NATIONAL ALLENDER FOR PRESIDENT CLUB. Order your hats, ties, records, and hangups and picture postcards as mentioned here. Reorder when necessary. Tell your

friends. Tell them where and how to get the four things that will support my campaign, and uphold our high ideals. The ties that are inscribed DAN'S THE MAN and the hangups will tell our story to millions. Take records to your radio station, have them play them (tell them they can get recordings for clients to sponsor). Give records to your juke box operator, they will spin out the appeal of the news. Put the hangups on display that millions can see and read them. Wear your white hat with pride for a man, who believes that all men should have equal consideration and is headed for the White House."

The conclusion of Dan's hangup message leaves no doubt that he means business. He's in business—the mail order business. The "4XXXXX Quality Autographed Inside Crown Western Hat"

is yours for ten dollars; the records—all you want of them—one dollar each. The "Beautiful Hand Inscribed DAN'S-THE-MAN Ties" are two dollars. If none of these fetches you, Dan will sell you a picture postcard—of himself!—for five cents. It's easy to place your order, says Dan, and ladies' hats have chin straps.

Well, it's one way of selling hats.

Dan Allender does not explain how he acquired his white western hats, whether by purchase, or barter, or perhaps by a timely bequest; whether his candidacy is a consequence of his having the hats, or whether he chose them as the ideal tool of political ingratiation. But to start a mail order business in the United States is no trick at all. One simply consults a list broker.

The list broker is the indispensable man in the mail order business. He is forever compiling and replenishing—"cleaning" is the word for keeping a list up to date—lists of customers, usually people who have taken the direct mail bait on previous occasions. Thus, for about fifteen dollars per thousand, the list broker will stuff and address envelopes to remarkably diverse categories of consumers. By testing the lists in small lots, one can easily predict what a large mailing will produce.

The list broker is not unknown to readers of this paper—at any rate to readers of last week's issue. But a few of his more highly selective lists and the broker's description of each (verbatim) may still be news:

"Extra-choice luxury list (7,750). Buyers and inquirers of expensive concrete bird baths from ads in Horticulture and other such publications. 95 per cent women..."

"Choice list of women (9,500) who have inquired about accessories for making their own hats



—frames, trimmings, ornaments, veils, etc. . . .

"A super-selective list (10,000) of larger men (size 48 and up) who have inquired about clothing and accessories from well-known shop specializing in large sizes . . ."

"Buyers (34,763) of books of Stunts for clubs. List is made up almost entirely of past presidents of service clubs, men who move around but very little. Mostly business executives. Some have purchased other books of a public speaking nature. A responsive list."

"20,000 wealthy widows."

"Mail order buyers (5,000) of black nightgowns advertised in popular-type magazines and newspapers . . . Buyers are mostly MEN."

"Business executives and professional men (23,000) in the upper income brackets. Mostly middle-aged. Bought denicotinized cigars, cigarettes and pipe tobacco."

"Extra choice list (10,000) of home owners or renters who purchased or inquired about Centipede Grass Plants which require no mowing."

"Small (2,000) but choice list of speakers, salesmen, doctors, actors, etc., who have spent one dollar to fifty dollars for humorous material."

"Members, over age seven (40,000) of Gadget-of-the-Month Club. Membership receives a new toy each month."

"Buyers (28,000) of sex books, books on dancing, Diesel engineer-

ing. List should do well on self-improvement offers."

"Pet owners and lovers who have purchased FLEA-NO-MAT—a sleeping mattress, having a specially treated hemp filler so made that the insect repellent kills and repels the parasites without even the slightest injurious effect to the pet."

* * * * *

TERMINOLOGY

New hair style for women proclaimed by a Fifth Avenue salon: "Cutie Pie."

A perfumer advertised by radio an assortment of twenty expensive French perfumes, all for \$3.95. His name for the individual containers, which one gathers were extremely small: "Bottle-ettes."

CHARLES W. MORTON



"Place wants decorating, of course."

STIFF TEST FOR FORTY

THIS morning, children, we are really going to get down to work. Shut that window, dear, I can't hear myself speak with this howling gale.

What?

Not "What"! "I beg your pardon"!

Never heard what you said.

SHUT THE WINDOW, PLEASE. That's better. There seem to be a great many sleepy-heads this morning. All stretch! What time did you go to bed, Joan?

Dunno. About the middle of the telly.

The telly?

Vision, miss. Television, miss. That's what she means, miss.

That will do. You know that you MUST go to bed early. Now, no more wasted time. We are going to have a stiff test to-day. I shall ask you twenty questions—

Like on the wireless?

Not in the least like that. I might, for instance, ask you to write down the colour of a twopenny-halfpenny stamp.

Blue?

Sort of orangey-reddy-brown like?

Don't call out. Think. See who that is knocking at the door, Jimmy.

It's one of Miss Twigg's lot.

"One of Miss Twigg's children," please! Come in, dear.

Anyone lost this belt?

Look carefully, children. No, no one here. Now, back to this test. The stamp. Well!

Red!

Right. Of course, that's a very easy one. Shut that wretched door, Jimmy. We shall have the flowers over.

It won't shut.

Push it HARD! Pick up those papers, Ann. I said "ANN," not a whole mob of you!

It's busted itself.

Let me see. A fat lot of work we shall get through at this rate! It's just one hindrance after another. We'll jam it shut with the duster until Mr. Pratt can mend it. Sit



"This is where I miss my instructor."

down, everyone, and let's get down to work. Billy, give out the papers. Name on the top line, and I'll put the date on the blackboard. Where's the duster?

It's THE DOOR!

Hush! I'll squeeze it up in this corner then. Number down to twenty.

The nib of my pencil's broke.

I haven't got no pencil.

Fuss, fuss! How many more of these maddening interruptions! Fetch one quickly from the pencil box, and let's get on.

I never heard how many you said number down to. The window kept all on rattling.

TWENTY! And why are you putting them down the RIGHT hand side, Brian Bates? I hope you are not adding mirror-writing to your other accomplishments. You don't want to be labelled "Frustrated" on your record card, surely! Turn over.

The door's been and blown open.

Hold your papers while I shut it. Jimmy, help me to push this desk up against it. At least we'll have peace till we've finished our test. There! All ready! Let me hear no more interruptions. First question.

Jane says that was her belt what came in just now.

Jane, really—! Is this true?

Yes, miss. I just thought.

It's a pity you didn't think a little earlier. I refuse to go into all that now. We should be finishing this test by this time, not just starting it. What's that noise?

Fire bell! Coo— Good old fire drill!

Hooray! Fire drill! Get moving, boys!

Bet I win you down the stairs!

Bet you never then!

This is the last straw! ALL STAND STILL! How on earth do you expect to get out of the classroom with the door smothered in desks! Let me come by. Now, without all this pandemonium, lead gently down the stairs, and NO FUSHING!

Lucky you wasn't hollering out that first question at us, miss. We might never have heard the fire bell!

D. J. SAINT

THE POACHER

I SAW him sadly

Quit the tide—

His net was long

Its mesh was wide.

"You should have seen,"

I heard him say,

"The little ones

That got away."

M. B.

SNAX AT JAX

XI

"BE all right if I—?" asked the fork-lift truck man, gesturing up at the radio.

"Suit yourself, my old Reg," said Jack. "If you're partial to an 'igh-pitched uninterrupted buzz, like they say with the old telephones, that is."

"Gone funny, then?" asked Reg, rising to his full extension and eyeing the dial on the shelf.

"Can't you manage without you've got music all day while you work?" asked Jack. "Still, they reckon you're essential to 'igher production. Jolly good luck to you, mate."

The fork-lift truck man shook the radio slightly at arms' length above his head, knocked gently on its side, replaced it and switched on.

A high-pitched drone faded in. He switched it off and sat down again.

"Roll on Christmas and let's

'ave some nuts," he implored gloomily, beginning to worry his sandwich again.

"Wassup, Reg?" asked Jack solicitously. "Wanna be entertained? Shall I sing for you then, eh?"

He struck an attitude of resolute sadness, his left hand clutching the tea-cloth under his armpit, and began gravely:

"And when the draw-ah
For the Irish Sweep
Shall come,
O let it be my counterfoil
That's drawn out of
The Drum."

Reg flinched.

"Hoo, turn it up, Jack," he cautioned. "You'll 'ave old Else in."

"More intellectual you want it?" Jack inquired. "More like, say, a quiz or summink? 'Ere you are then, get a basinful of this."

He ferreted in his waistcoat pocket and unfolded a sheet of lined notepaper.

"Read that," he said, "and you won't know whether you want a shave or an 'aircut. Doreen done that up the 'igh school."

"Go on!" said the fork-lift truck man, backing slightly. "Like some prescription it looks."

"Read it for you?" asked Jack, whisking it away and enunciating carefully:

"Hexapods flamboyantize equivocating jaywalkers. Contains all the letters of the old alphabet."

"Cor stone the Third Programme," suggested the fork-lift truck man. "What's hoxapeds?"

"Weerl," said Jack, "like quadrupods—the 'orse. Hexapods 've got six legs—insects, got me? Pods, it is—pods."

Reg sniffed.

"You got an 'exapod on them 'am rolls," he said, nodding towards the other end of the counter.

Jack flicked briefly with the tea cloth.

"Young Doreen reckons flamboyantize means makin' them look flamboyant," he explained cheerfully.

"Oh ya," nodded Reg vaguely. "I'm wiv ya there, mate."

"Then, of course, you know jaywalkers," said Jack, isolating the ham-rolls under a cloche. "Like old Ma Parfitt comin' out of the Lord Nelson evenings."

"You want to see them after dinner up the factory," said Reg, on firmer ground now. "There's me, racin' round boostin' the old productivity just after dinner. I 'ave to 'oller out 'Come on! Wakey, wakey! Dash about! You very nigh run into arf of 'em. All arf asleep."

Jack opened the refrigerator lid and peered in paternally at the ice-lollies.

"Laugh," went on Reg. "Yeastdy arpass one I come up be'ind old Sid Turner's a couple of 'is chinas. Noddin' away they was with their thermoses on this seat near the stacks. I give 'em a bit of a fork-lift up about a coupla feet. 'Ear old Sid 'oller!"

"Popular, you are, I bet," said Jack. "produc-flamin'-tivity or not."

"Indispenseable," said Reg, cheered at the memory. "That's what I am. Couldn't do without me Christmas, they couldn't. Bloke sat up on the old lift 'anging the paper-chains up round the girders. Lovely."

"Charmin'," nodded Jack. "On'y being it's nigh on twenny up you'd best be nipping off back, or you'll be gettin' a fork-lift out on the old ear'ole."

"I go, I come back," cried Reg, accelerating for the door.

A second later his face reappeared.

"Don't you worry, my old Jack," he said. "There's no 'exapods on me!"

ALAN HACKNEY



"Mr. Barnett said that he had been nearly 18 years in China and Hongkong and had passed all the Government language examinations in Cantonese and written Chinese. He was deputy chairman of the Board of Examiners."—*South China Morning Post*
Quite a coincidence.



"I'm not looking forward to it. It's had enough trying to keep the children amused for one wet day."

SOMETHING DRAMATURGICAL

ONE advantage of the Drama for the writer who wants to be able to produce evidence of industry is that it is shorter than Fiction. By making your dialogue brusque you can produce a thick wad of Drama in a long week-end. Ibsen took about two and a half years to write a play, and it is pleasant to feel more industrious than a Scandinavian. When people begin trying to read my plays, and not just gawping at the bulk of them, I shall get one of them banned by the Lord Chamberlain. This is quite cheap and the prestige lasts for years.

When I began play-writing I took the advice of a manual and sat about the house imagining my characters into life. The trouble was that my attitude was strictly commercial (I wanted to write one of those farces that bumble along for years, and then retire to live on amateur rights), while the characters that emerged took a high-brow

attitude and were always liable to break into poetic prose. Also they squabbled so much over other characters' having better lines that I had to de-imagine them. It took quite a time to get the house clear of their shadowy shapes.

I knew I should never make the grade into repertory and I joined a dramatic society, offering to study the whole business from stalling to producing. Rather doubtfully, they started me off as Weather and Lights. As Weather I shook shot about in a cardboard cylinder. From the back of the hall my rain sounded very natural; but it made cues inaudible on the stage. When the first scene was over I rushed round to the switchboard, leaving the rain in the wings, where people tripped over it. Sharp showers recurred during the evening, most noticeably when the dialogue had just referred to an improvement in the weather. As Lights my most difficult job was

to "dim" during a sentimental scene. My dimmer began to glow and smoke and I had to turn the lights up to full candle-power while the young lovers were relying on my honourably keeping the stage dark.

For the second production I joined in things rather late. The notice of meetings had gone astray, and it was not until I had made several calls on the secretary that I found out what was happening. It was finally decided that I should prompt. This was not as easy as it sounds. We had a producer who cut the script about a good deal. You would read out half a line and then notice that it was scored in purple or transposed with arrows. Once you had found the right line there was the difficulty of elocution. I found that when I tried to be unobtrusive the cast received my discreet mouthings with irritated hisses of "What?" If I used a fuller vocal range there did not seem much

point in a character's saying the line, as I had already bounced it off the back wall of the auditorium; he would make it sound like an echo.

For long stretches of the play the cast knew their lines and there was nothing much for me to do as I sat on my stool in the wings. I felt I could serve best by appearing to take an intelligent delight in the play. I leant forward with my head almost on the stage and beamed eagerly. Whenever an actor caught my eye I rubbed my hands with encouraging glee and conveyed by becks and winks that he was doing fine. This meant that it took me a moment or two to find my place in the script when there was a pause, and I had to ad-lib until I found it.

I had often read that a dramatist must have the smell of grease-paint in his nostrils. This suggested to me that I should help with the make-up. I approached the producer quite early in the preparations for the next play and he agreed a little absently. I suppose at that stage he was preoccupied with casting. At the first rehearsal he seemed surprised to find me sitting beside him with my notebook. I was determined to base my colour-schemes on such indications of character as were given in the text and developed in action. Before the society met next I had all my plans worked out. I said, quite firmly, that all rehearsals from then on would be dress rehearsals. I wanted there to be no danger of my having

had insufficient practice in make-up by the night. One female part, for example, was that of a raddled harri-dan, and raddling is not something one can do on the spur of the moment. I was annoyed when the producer said he felt the make-up was part of his job and that he had been lazy in passing it over to me.

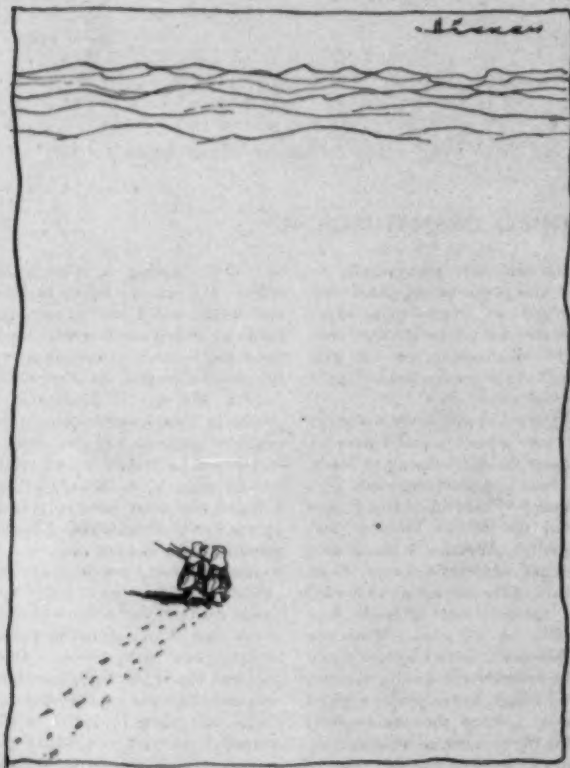
By then the only job I could find that was not filled was making the curtain speech. The society did established plays, the authors of which were hardly likely to turn up. I insisted that something more than a few wavering thanks was needed to round off the show and (for I had cunningly chosen a busy moment to make my request) I was allowed my way.

When day-dreaming over my own plays I had often visualized the moment when I faced the first-night audience. Sometimes I saw myself being modest while the audience cheered hysterically. Sometimes I imagined that my work might be rather above their heads; but no man who has taught General Subjects in the Middle School and howled out French Dictation while his Form was blowing twelve on the Beaufort Scale need fear that he cannot shout the most hostile gallery down.

I worked hard on my speech and tried it out at the dress rehearsal in make-up and costume. The play was *Brighton Rock*, and I studied the photographs of Mr. Greene assiduously. Unfortunately on the night itself some irritating misunderstanding with the stage manager led to the lowering of the curtain and the raising of the house lights before I had been beckoned on to the stage.

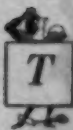
It was with a sense of relief that I severed my connection with the society and decided that, rather than drudge further at making myself a man of the theatre, I would in future write plays not for the stage but for the study. The wear and tear is much less. Relieved from such worries as making the last interval come while the bar is still open, I just rattle out drama, and it lies about in great, encouraging piles on the study floor.

R. G. G. PRICE



"If her name hadn't been Sandra I think I should have forgotten."

AT THE PLAY

Timon of Athens (OLD VIC)—Meet Mr. Callaghan (GARRICK)

TIMON of Athens is like a cup of vitriol flung in the face of humanity. It is an astonishing play for SHAKESPEARE to have written so shortly before "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest." That he suffered some savage personal embitterment at this period seems to me the only adequate explanation, for I can't understand Mr. TYMON GUTHRIE's theory (set out in a programme note) that the play was intended as a satire against the deceptiveness of riches, any more than I could believe "Lear" to be simply a satire against the ingratitude of daughters. I cordially agree with Mr. GUTHRIE that *Timon* is not a hero for whom we can feel pity, but I don't think this proves anything. Many of Shakespeare's heroes, and especially his champion egotists, must have appeared much more sympathetic to the Elizabethans than they do to us.

In the theatre the parallel with "Lear" is never far from mind. Was *Timon* (written a few years afterwards) born out of the bits and pieces left over from the other, or was it a first sketch for "Lear"?

found insufficient and later taken in hand again when the needs of the Globe were urgent! Disillusionment with human baseness is the common mainspring, but whereas *Lear* has majesty from which to fall, *Timon* has none. His military triumphs are past, and he is introduced to us as a nice old silly on the retired list, heading childishly for bankruptcy by giving enormous parties to all the sycophants in town. When the crash comes, and he retires to a beach to rail against mankind, discover hidden treasure as accurately as the Swiss Family Robinson and scatter it as gloomily as the millionaire in "Ring Round the Moon," we can't be very sorry for him as he tatters rather ingloriously into his grave.

But in Mr. GUTHRIE's extremely ingenious production we can be considerably amused by the earlier scenes and then, to a quite surprising degree, startled and horrified by what comes after. The language of *Timon* angry has the sting of a cat-o'-nine-tails. Great care has been taken to give an edge to the gallery of Athenian spongers, and the scenes of headlong hospitality—



Slim Callaghan—
Mr. TERENCE DE MARNEY

richly gilded by Miss TANYA MOSKOWITZ—are so dashing that they would easily translate into the familiar newspaper accounts of how poor Captain "X" has failed to make a go of it on £15,000 a year. Once on the beach, however, *Timon* has to hold it almost by himself. *Alcibiades*, martially spoken by Mr. PETER COKE, flits in and out on his way to power, but without more moment than any South American general planning a revolution; and the professional acid of Mr. LEO MCKERN's accomplished *Apemantus* seems almost sugary beside the appalling execrations of the amateur. *Timon* must be consistently good, or the whole play founders, and Mr. ANDRÉ MORRILL rises splendidly to the challenge, sustaining our interest all the way from affable host to venomous scarecrow. There are a number of clever minor sketches, of which the most interesting is Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS' *Lucullus*.

Meet Mr. Callaghan is a crime play adapted by Mr. GERALD VERNER from Mr. PETER CHEYNEY's novel, "The Urgent Hangman." To me the most urgent thing about it was the curtain.

Recommended

Ruth Draper and her private army of characters (*Criterion*). *Dragon's Mouth* (Winter Garden), a debate made exciting by Priestley and Jasquetta Hawkes. *Sweet Madness* (Vaudeville), for a cosy laugh about Freud.

ERIC KROWN



Timon—MR. ANDRÉ MORRILL

Apemantus—MR. LEO MCKERN

AT THE PICTURES

Mourning Becomes Electra—Derby Day

LATE as it is, I feel called on to make some remarks, just for the record, about *Mourning Becomes Electra* (Director: DUDLEY NICHOLS), though my inclination is to leave it with a word or two in the "Survey" and write at greater length about some easier game. I'm not, by the way, as late as an American reader might imagine: New York saw the film in November 1947, but it has only just been shown over here—hopefully, because of the unexpected success of the recent TV version of the play. Well . . . I wonder what sort of public response the film will get. EUGENE O'NEILL's recasting in nineteenth-century American terms of the Electra-Clytemnestra-Orestes story has been transferred quite straightforwardly to the screen: this is essentially a concentrated, magnified, intensified record of the effects as they are made on the stage, whereas what a film adaptation should do—I don't suggest it's easy, or even always possible—is to use the quite different methods of the cinema to produce equivalent effects. This picture is more than what one usually means by "a photographed play", but the difference is still one of degree, not of manner or dramatic method. The constant impression is of "big speeches," of "big scenes"; the constant pattern is the

movement from one bitter, taunting duologue to another (statuesque vituperator, glowering victim); a recurring, typical atmospheric detail is the dreadful cry "Why do you look at me like that?" One is tempted also to comment on the way the members of the doomed family seem to live just outside or just inside the front door of their house—a convention, taken for granted in the play, that assumes distracting prominence in the film.

This is a "prestige picture" and will get something of a "prestige" audience—people who feel they ought, and will be expected, to have seen it; but it's undeniably impressive, and I doubt that even the light-minded will be bored. ROSALIND RUSSELL's Lavinia (Electra) seems to have struck some writers as lacking in power, but the warped malignancy of the character got over to me all right. Of the others, I would say that MICHAEL REDGRAVE as the tormented Orin (Orestes) is the most memorable.



(Mourning Becomes Electra)
Christine Mannon—KATINA PAXINOU
Ezra Mannon—RAYMOND MAREY
Lavinia Mannon—ROSALIND RUSSELL

the Cockney-humour taxi-driver (GORDON PARKER) provides one kind of comic relief and the conceited film star (PETER GRAVES) another: there is dutifully loud laughter every time he says "British film industry." Meanwhile heavy drama is ladled out by JOHN McCALLUM as a fugitive murderer and GOOGIE WITHERS as the wife of his victim. The whole is garnished with authentic location shots of Derby phenomena and drenched in background music, and will probably make a lot of money.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Nearly all the London programmes except *Los Olvidados* and good old *La Ronde* (16/5/51) seem to be changing; I can't suggest anything much. An entertaining bit of Hollywood Irish is JOHN FORD's *The Quiet Man*.

Among the releases is *High Noon* (14/5/52), a good Western full of suspense. Carbine Williams is an interesting founded-on-fact melodrama about a man who invented and made a new kind of gun while in prison. RICHARD MALLETT



(Derby Day)
Muse of Commentary—
RAYMOND GLINDENNING

As for *Derby Day* (Director: HERBERT WILCOX), the coincidence that it was first shown in London on Derby day was a box-office touch about as subtle and unpremeditated as any in the picture itself. Here we have the old cross-section or handful-of-types formula: choose half a dozen characters whose paths cross on a particular occasion, and make a story by introducing them all before the occasion and leading up to it. The great lady (ANNA NEAGLE) and the "debonair" cartoonist (MICHAEL WILDING) both have a private sorrow; they meet in mutual consolation, while

BOOKING OFFICE

Puzzle and Thrill

The Aleutian Blue Mink. James M. Fox. *Home and Van Thal*, 9/6

Two's Company. Milward Kennedy. *Robert Hale*, 9/6

The Man in My Shoes. John Newton Chance. *Macdonald*, 9/6

The Sole Survivor and The Kynard Affair. Roy Vickers. *Gollancz*, 9/6.

THE artificial distinction between the Whodunit and the Thriller was invented from snobbery, not from any desire to be useful to literary criticism. If you composed crime puzzles instead of Latin Acrostics, that was respectable; you were aiming at intellectual excitement only. The man who tried to make his readers breathless with suspense by having his characters chased across roof-tops by secret police was a mere tradesman. Nobody would check his work with a tide-table and a dictionary of quotations.

This class-barrier was crashed when the Stevenson tradition was revived by the Foreign Correspondents. The world described by Mr. Eric Ambler was obviously nearer to the contemporary world than the curious environment in which Lord Peter Wimsey wimbled, and Mr. Ambler obviously wrote better prose than J. J. Connington. Further, the contrivers of puzzles, especially in America, were adopting the narrative techniques of the thriller-writers. Recently there has been a merging of the two forms in which the advantages of each are preserved. There are still, of course, proxy investigations of alibis in cathedral towns, and spy stories consisting of disconnected violences; but on the whole the thriller has become more shapely in design and the whodunit less dull in the telling.

Mr. James M. Fox's *The Aleutian Blue Mink* is a chapter in the whirlwind life of a Californian private detective. It moves at the speed of a thriller, but there is puzzle as well as pace. It is not particularly original, but it is efficient. School of Christie would be dreadful; school of Chandler can be entertaining.

Mr. Milward Kennedy was one of the stars of the old school of British detection, very good on red herrings and visible-invisible clues. Now he has turned to thriller-writing without fusing the two techniques. In *Two's Company* he gives the impression of wanting to settle down to a good chat about the plot but forcing himself instead to bundle his characters into fast cars. A gang who murder solitary for their money are pursued by a curious collection of people, including the police at their oddest. Much the most successful part of the novel is the series of "stills" showing the gang, their opponents and some onlookers at different stages in the story. These little inset scenes are carefully composed and might come from a Simenon study of "Missing Persons." Perhaps that was Mr. Kennedy's original aim. He is certainly most successful when most ambitious.

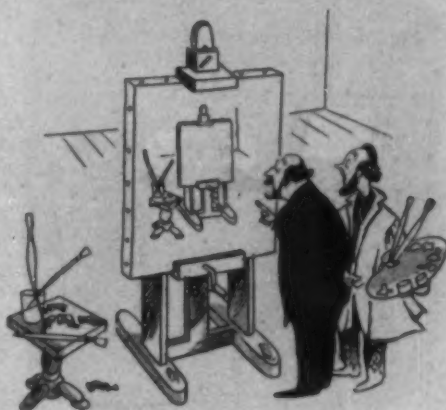
Mr. John Newton Chance's *The Man in My Shoes*

is the traditional thriller—good, improbable spy stuff One has met the ingredients before, but the author's continuous interest in his tale is infectious. It is much more entertaining than it looks at first sight, mainly because Mr. Chance always makes things as clear to the reader as they are to him. The dissatisfaction it leaves behind is due partly to lack of the solid, informed background that we are used to in a modern thriller, partly to the common mistake of drawing the villains more carefully than the forces of light. Anyhow, all the time I was reading it I was enjoying it, and that is more than something.

The Sole Survivor and *The Kynard Affair*, two long-short whodunits by Mr. Roy Vickers, illustrate my thesis so neatly that they make me begin to doubt it. The first is a very ingenious story, both in plot and presentation. It begins and ends in a Court of Inquiry into the wrecking of a ship's boat on a desert island, with the sole survivor's narrative as the core. The tension is maintained continuously, and events and analysis are well balanced. A thriller in movement and a whodunit in plot, it is a risky experiment that succeeds triumphantly. The second story has a very original puzzle at the heart of it; but the background and characters are undistinguished and the search for the solution lacks eagerness. R. G. G. PRICE

The History of "The Times," IV: The 150th Anniversary and Beyond. In Two Parts, 25/- each

In many of its thousand pages this book is the history of an eventful period as seen through the eyes of a group of brilliant journalists, with tensions mounting to the outbreak of two world wars. In



"I paint what I see..."

other chapters it is a rather dull record of struggles for ownership or control of the journal; and now and again it becomes an essay in British political manners. With these threads occasionally entangling, as when editorship by Lloyd George seems to be in prospect—what a pity Bernard Shaw never heard of this—there are even elements of humour. With all this it is of greatest interest as a study of an overwhelming personality. The compilers acclaim Lord Northcliffe as the creator of new worlds in Fleet Street or as the saviour of the paper in a time of distress, but in their applause is never a trace of affection, and the haunting dread of an unannounced appearance at Printing House Square is still upon them. The true story of his rising megalomania and eventual death in the shadow of insanity is here for the first time disclosed. C. C. F.

Summer in Scotland. Ivor Brown. Collins, 16/-.

Scotland is conveniently arranged so that great matters gather themselves around fixed points. Taking full advantage of this principle, and moving in bold leaps from the Pentland to the Solway, Mr. Brown can call a halt for appropriate dissertation on—*inter alia*—whisky in Banff, the success story in Aberdeen, Victoriana on Deeside, and balladry on the Borders; this he does with shrewd sense, sound comment and recondite lore. Neither sentimental nor debunking, his survey of certain Scottish aspects is balanced, stimulating and informed. Here is a lively and independent judgment capable—where the more indigenous Scot has so often been incapable—of seeing two sides, of appreciating, for instance, the merits of both Grassie Gibbon and Ian MacLaren, of both the commercial and the æsthetic Glasgows. The search

for Scotland will not now yield novelties except in minutiae, but here is the next best thing—a fresh outlook by a good clear mind on incomparable material.

H. B.

The Happy Hunted. Brigadier George Clifton, D.S.O., M.C. Cassell, 21/-.

Brigadier George Clifton sets his readers the same sort of problem as he must have set his seniors during the war. He was always happier exploring the front than attending to routine, and in commanding his New Zealand Brigade he reversed the Plaza-Toro plan and led it from so far in front that he inevitably ended "in the bag." Now, when we are trying to discredit war, he writes candidly in praise of it, and with a dangerously convincing gusto. As a counterweight, however, he has decided that to do justice all round he must mention as many as possible of his old comrades by name, preferably by Christian name; and though this may increase the book's popularity in New Zealand it makes dull reading for those outside the charmed circle. Much the better half of the book is the second, which deals with his life in various P.O.W. camps and his frequent and courageous attempts to escape from them.

B. A. Y.

SHORTER NOTES

The Triple Thinkers. Edmund Wilson. John Lehmann, 15/-. New edition of the collected "essays on literary subjects" originally published in 1938; the original nine have been extensively revised and added to, and there are three new studies—one of Ben Jonson, one a discursive character-sketch of a master at the author's prep school, and a final discussion of "The Historical Interpretation of Literature." Few critics excel Mr. Wilson in making solid, penetrating, satisfying criticism continuously readable.

Now Lead Us Home. Gwyn Thomas. Gollancz, 12/6. Except that the characters have different names, this novel might be a continuation of *The World Cannot Hear You*; but the characters (in spite of what the blurb says) have not much intrinsic importance, for a new one seems to be invented whenever an illustrative parenthesis is called for. The main point is the author's torrential flow of comic metaphor, which is unique, enviable, and often extremely funny.

Julietta. Louise de Vilморin. Translated by Alison Brothers. Herrell Press, 10/6. A "children's hour" for the sophisticated, amusingly devised and enchantingly related. A prince of fifty determines to wed a bourgeoisie of eighteen. His accomplished mistress is to be made an honest woman by a young provincial lawyer. The result is a "Midsommer Night's Dream" entanglement of both couples.

The Plays of Georg Büchner. Translated with an introduction by Geoffrey Dunlop. Vision, 15/-. The timely reappearance of these translations of *Leonce und Lena*, *Dantons Tod* and *Woyzeck* (sic)—serviceable rather than inspired—will be welcomed by readers whose interest in their author has been stimulated by A. H. J. Knight's life, recently reviewed here, and the Covent Garden production of Berg's opera.

The New Yeomen of England. J. Wentworth Day. Harrop, 15/-. A challenging call to exchange the army of planners, committees and self-appointed "experts" who infest the land for the farmer on the job, and the gloomy phalanxes of the Forestry Commission's weedy soft woods for the oak, beech and walnut that are our ancient heritage.

The Case of the Busy Bees. Clifford Witting. Hodder and Stoughton, 10/6. Blackmail, murder and *joie de vivre* in cosy country surroundings. Plot elaborate and elegantly built. Rather a pity that the atmosphere is old-fashioned and the humour prosy. Gripping, once the admirable design is glimpsed through the rustic creeper.



"In the play you took me to the bar
and bought me a gin-and-french."

IN THE BOROUGH OF BATTERWELL

Cold War With the County Council

"THE Committee will of course remember"—the Town Clerk could roll this euphemism for "The Committee has completely forgotten" as urbanely off his tongue as any man in England—"that of the 3.76 acres comprising the Totland Crescent Housing Area, the Council agreed, under strong protest, to transfer 0.25 acres to the County Council for the erection of a minor ailments clinic. It was further agreed that the transfer price as between authorities should be a percentage, based on the respective areas, of the cost of acquiring the site as a whole. This has proved to be £10,224 6s. 3d. and I have accordingly asked County Hall for twenty-five three hundred and seventy-sixths of this sum."

"Letting them off too lightly," said Councillor Fosdyke. "Why not round up to twenty-five four hundredths?"

Councillor Boreham saw the exposed flank and leapt. "That would be rounding down."

"These fractions are rather tricky." The Town Clerk smiled with kindly compassion upon Councillor Fosdyke, who met the look with one of stubborn incredulity, and fishing an inch of pencil from his pocket began a furious calculation upon the back of an envelope.

"The areas I have quoted," continued the Town Clerk, "are in each case gross, that is to say, they include surrounding roads. This has given the County Council a pretext for putting forward a proposition which I can only regard as—"

"Did you say three hundred and sixty-sevenths?" demanded Councillor Fosdyke. "Just now, I mean!"

"Seventy-sixths." The Town Clerk's smile was a thought less kindly. "—only regard as completely indefensible. They have argued that the proper basis for price computation is the net areas, which are, respectively, 3.32 and

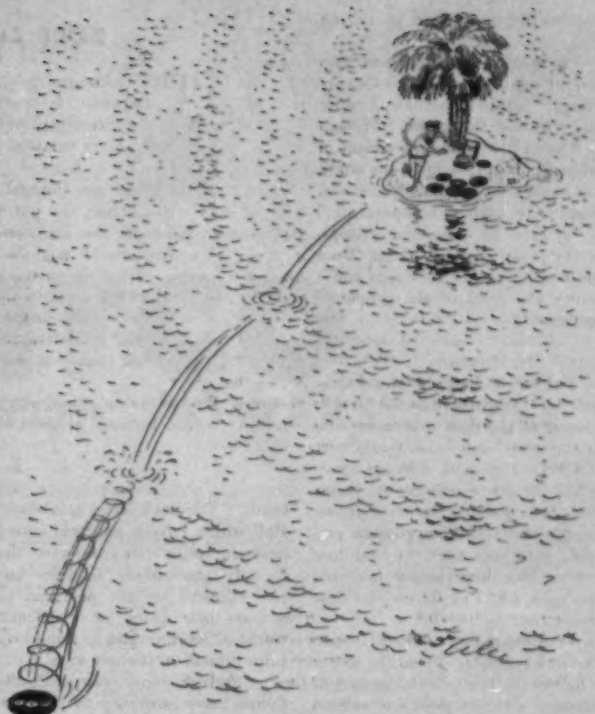
0.21 acres. This has the effect of reducing the sum payable by them from £679 16s. 2d. to £646 14s. 4d."

"A transparent attempt," said Alderman Pudder, "to lighten the burdens of the county as a whole at the expense of the ratepayers of Batterwell. You have resisted it!"

"In toto." The Town Clerk waited for the murmured applause to die away. "Recently, however, the Director of Public Cleansing has drawn my attention to the fact that"—as he approached the subtle heart of his argument the Town Clerk disregarded the Committee's lesser minds and addressed himself instinctively to Alderman Pudder, who accepted the homage with the calm consciousness that it was deserved—"Batterwell's dust destructor and refuse disposal yard are situated on land which is at present in the ownership of the County Council and is shortly to be transferred under a similar

arrangement. The areas here, i.e. of the dust destructor land and of the County Council land of which it forms part, are"—*Now follow me closely here,* said the look in the Town Clerk's eye, and *Yes, yes, I'm still with you; my powers aren't even extended,* flashed Alderman Pudder in reply—"gross, 0.42 and 5.89 acres, and net, 0.37 and 5.61."

The T.C. paused and looked round the Committee to see whether he had made his point sufficiently to be spared the necessity of dragging the sordid arithmetic into the light. The prospects were not encouraging. Councillors Boreham, Snugge and Gimson had foundered some time since in the treacherous depths. Even the usually bright eye of Mrs. Maxwell-Sweet was a trifle glazed. Councillor Fosdyke, his tongue purpled over with indelible pencil, was still deep in long division and could be written off. At the bottom of the table Councillor



Goldsworthy seemed to be dozing fitfully.

"It is most important to retain friendly relations with the County Council," said Alderman Pudder after a thoughtful pause. "Though the Town Clerk is doubtless right in principle, I am inclined to think that we should yield the point and accept their basis of computation."

"Yield!" Councillor Goldsworthy was a giant rising from slumber. "Truckle to County Hall? Betray the trust of the people of Batterwell!"

"Shame," said Councillors Snugge and Boreham.

The Town Clerk sighed and elaborated. "Transfer from the County Council of the dust destructor site on the gross area basis would cost £1,429 7s. 11d., and, with net areas, £1,376 12s. 5d. Summing up, therefore, the position is that if we accept County Hall's argument, and apply it to both sites, we shall lose £33 1s. 10d. over minor ailments and gain £52 15s. 6d on the dust destructor."

Comprehension dawned upon the back benches. From the welter of figures the Town Clerk's argument emerged with the sleek and sudden beauty of a submarine surfacing.

"Perhaps we shouldn't be too inflexible," murmured Councillor Gimson.

The Town Clerk inclined his

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

THE unknown She that glanced at me to-day
Between the traffic lights and Binks's store
Was not exactly pretty—shall we say
Not wholly unattractive, if no more?

Doubtless she thought: He is a trifle bald,
Not young, not old, but something in between.
I wonder (so she wondered) what he's called?
And would he think of calling me My Queen,

As Eustace used to do, before the war?
He is not handsome, but at least he's tall;
Not wholly unattractive, if no more;
Fairer than Joe, but not as fair as Paul,

And has a roving eye; perhaps he drinks.
So, turning, entered she the door of Binks.

R. P. LISTER

head. "The draft letter to County Hall which I have prepared states that in order to preserve the friendly atmosphere between our two Councils we are prepared to accept their point of view and transfer the clinic site to them at a price related to the net areas."

"And of course you want the Committee's authority to dispatch the letter," said Councillor Boreham, keenly. "You have it."

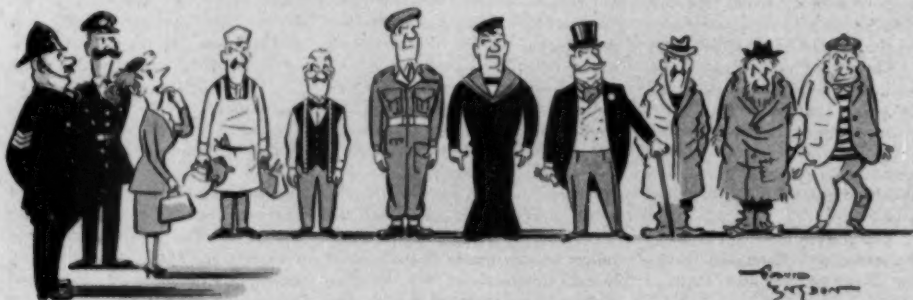
"No." The T.C. shook his head regretfully. "I want the Committee's instructions for dealing

with a letter which I have received this morning from County Hall."

Alderman Pudder started.

"You don't mean—"

"I'm afraid so." The Town Clerk contemplated with infinite sadness the extent of human duplicity as exemplified by County Councillors. "In order to maintain the friendly relations which have always existed between us, they will abandon their contention and pay a gross area price for the minor ailments clinic. There's a postscript about the dust destructor."



"What an extraordinary coincidence . . ."

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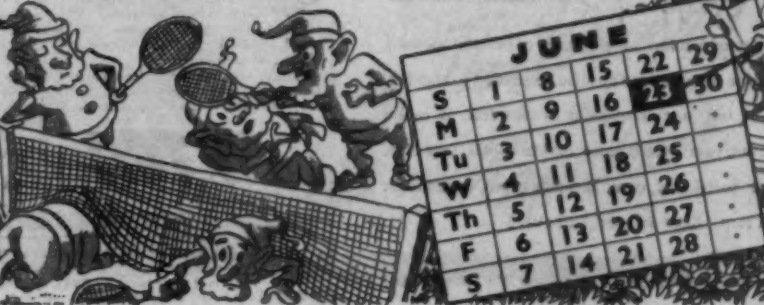
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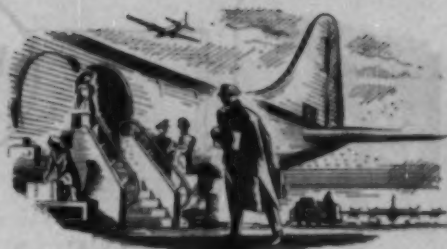
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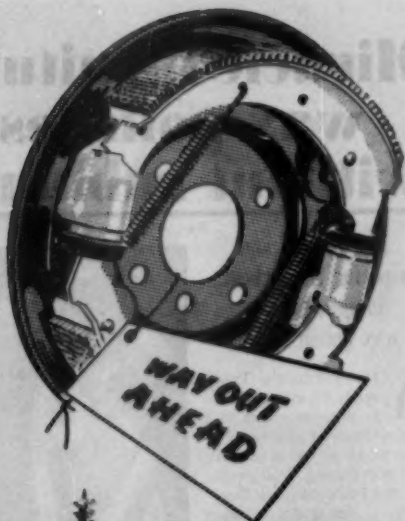
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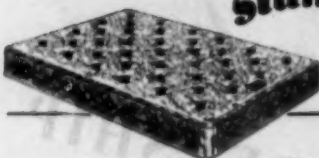
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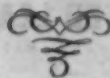


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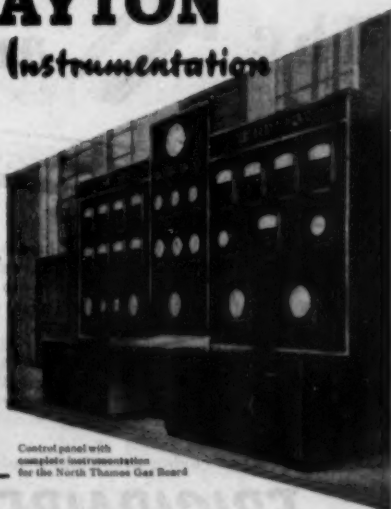
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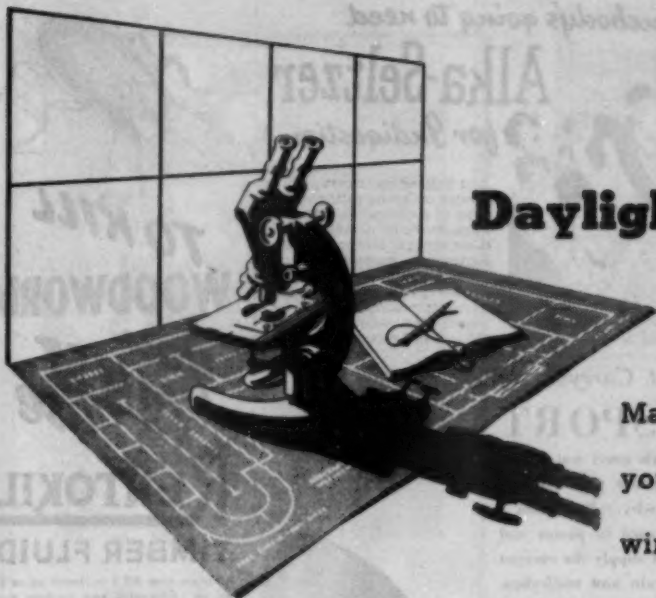
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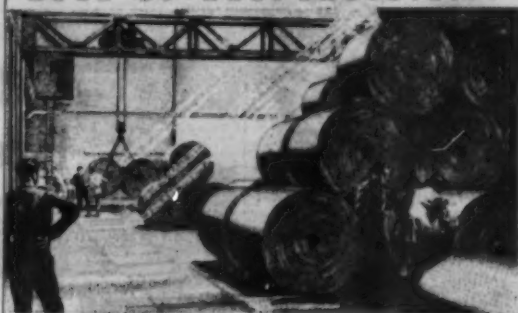
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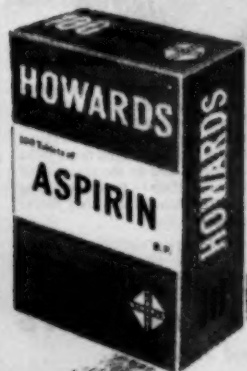
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